

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1856, by

DAVID WOODWARD,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

SLAVERY;

ITS

ORIGIN, PROGRESS AND EFFECTS.

A Poem,

BY

DAVID WOODWARD, ESQ.



BOSTON:

JOHN M. HEWES, 81 CORNHILL.

1856.

SLAVERY;

A POEM.

SECTION I.

Condition of Western Africa and the Negro tribes prior to the commencement of the Slave trade.

Of happy man upon this earthly ball
In blissful ignorance of Adam's fall,
Cheerful and free in nature's bright abode,
Safe and secure, upheld by nature's God,
A moral obligation never felt
But in sweet innocence serenely dwelt,
And knew no good or ill beyond his home,
While troubles there, if ever, seldom come ;
Safely ensconced in his sublime retreat,
While flowering shrubs adorn his blissful seat
And shed their rich perfumes o'er all the plains
Where nature in her richest luxury reigns,
Sing, O my muse ! On Afric's fairy land
Where nature's blessings with a lavish hand
O'er all her blooming plains are widely strown
And without stint are bountifully sown,
While through her vallies plenty reigns in peace
And nature's riches there will still increase :
Through all her realm the trees of every field
The tropic fruits in rich profusion yield,

To tempt the palate or to please the eye
Or charm the smell of every passer by.
The epicure his carnal taste to please
Found surfeiting in plenty from the trees,
And while upon his sensual pleasures bent
Could eat and sleep to his own heart's content.
And there amidst these stores of fruitful wealth
The temperate man found nourishment and health,
With chastened taste selected well his food
And ate just what he knew would do him good.
The invalid, enfeebled by disease,
Found sweet refreshment in each balmy breeze,
Tasted each fruit, breathed health from every flower,
Regained his strength and owned kind nature's power.
'Twas well for us would we correct our taste
And choose from vegetation our repast ;
For though kind nature to that land has given
A warmer climate and a milder heaven,
Where fruits spontaneous grow, of every kind
To please the taste and satisfy the mind ;
And though our clime requires laborious toil
To cultivate and fertilize the soil,
Yet well inured to meet the virtuous strife
And taught by nature's God the laws of life,
Here may we dwell in our delightful home
And ne'er desire in foreign lands to roam ;
Here feast luxurious on the bounteous fruits
Nature and art produce ; nor slay the brutes
To glut the carnal appetite with food
Fit for those beasts of prey who thirst for blood.
But temperate feasting will our health insure,
Our thirst allayed with nature's beverage pure,
Each walk the path designed by nature's God,
None then will dread his all avenging rod ;
True manhood then will beam from every face,
The tribes of earth become a virtuous race.
When reckless we the laws of health transgress
And find our punishment in keen distress,

To our obedience let us quick return,
Repent our rashness, and our weakness mourn ;
Resort to nature's remedy for ills,
Nor peril life with poisonous drugs and pills.

On Afric's shores where men securely dwelt,
No tyrant's scourge was ever feared or felt,
No noise of warrior's battles there was heard,
No garments rolled in blood had there appeared,
But all was harmony and peace serene,
Nor 'mongst the tribes was strife or discord seen.
True Christians there might held their blest abode
And humbly walked serenely with their God
In heavenly peace, in harmony divine
The Christian graces in full radiance shine ;
In love and fervor there they might have prayed,
None to molest and none to make afraid.
The richest landscapes of our lovely earth
On Afric's hills and vallies have their birth,
Yielding a mental, rich, sublime repast,
As her rich fruits to Ispicurean taste.
Gigantic forests crown the lofty hills,
The vallies watered by ten thousand rills
Rear flowering shrubs in all their vernal pride,
Luxuriant herbage springs on every side,
Each sylvan nook bright floral crowns adorn,
Perfect each flower, each rose without a thorn.
In luxury here the zebra crops his food,
The wild gazelle rebounding from the wood
At dewy eve, at early morning's dawn,
Playful he gambols o'er the flowery lawn,
But shy and cautious keeps a watchful eye
To scan with jealousy each passer by.
Far in the back ground, peering through the shades,
Majestic mountains rear their stately heads,
Here Luna's mounts in solemn grandeur rise,
There towering Atlas proudly studs the skies.
Broad rivers too adorn the fertile lands,
Niger and Gambria roll o'er golden sands,

Meandering streamlets murmur through the plains,
O'er hill and dale perpetual verdure reigns.
The wearied wanderer here might seek repose,
The land with nature's bounties overflows,
Ripe fruits and flowers adorn each goodly tree,
At once inviting and forever free.
O'er the broad land eternal summer reigns,
While through the groves, in sweet melodious strains,
The feathered songsters in unnumbered lays,
Warble to nature's God their songs of praise.

In that delightful land with plenty blest,
At peace with all the world ; in quiet rest,
No griefs, no sorrows, not a tear to flow,
There dwelt the black man, long, long time ago.
Content and cheerful in his Eden home,
Securely over hill and dale to roam,
With every thing to happify his life,
His bamboo hut, his children and his wife ;
With food in plenty ever at his side,
His every wish at once was gratified ;
The curse on man to him was void of dread,
For with no sweat of brow he ate his bread.
Thus, day by day, these tribes in friendly bands,
Cheerful and free, roamed o'er their fertile lands,
In playful pastime spent the happy hours,
Or slept at noontide heat in fragrant bowers.
Large parties of the youths were often seen
Daneing and sporting on some rural green ;
The aged fathers sitting calmly by,
The mothers looking on with raptured eye.
The little children there in sports engage,
Mimie the daneers of maturer age,
Active and graceful as the bounding fawn,
Or wild gazelle on yonder flowery lawn.
Thus passed the happy hours on Gambria's shore.
In friendly bands the angels hovered o'er
And smiled indulgent, o'er the lively scenes
Which thus were passing on the rural greens.

With jealous eyes, far in the distance dim,
A club of devils sat with visage grim,
With grimace horrid, and with vile intent
They watched their prey, on hellish mischief bent,
Amongst themselves consulting how, in short,
They best might interfere to spoil the sport ;
But seeing angels guarding from on high
They kept aloof, nor dared to venture nigh.

SECTION II.

The commencement of kidnapping and slavetrading from the coast
of Africa, together with infernal conferences on the subject.

STILL danced the blacks in wild and joyful glee,
From every care and every sorrow free,
Nor dreamed that pleasures ever end in pain,
But lo ! a ship comes floating o'er the main.
Alas poor negroes ! sad your future lot,
Although indeed as yet you know it not ;
Hard times await you, on a distant soil
Where you 'll be doomed to sweat, and bleed, and toil.
O ! treacherous ship ; why dost thou thus engage
On Afric's sons a wicked war to wage ?
Those innocents to seize with cruel hands
And bear them bleeding from their native lands ?
Old ocean, why in thy majestic pride
Carry such treachery o'er thy rolling tide ?
When this vile, horrid crew came 'cross thy path
Where slept the winds of thy avenging wrath ?
When Europe's coast with such vile wretches swarms,
Why not arouse thy hurricanes and storms ?
Defeat their vile intent ; with one fell sweep
Engulph the wretches in thy vasty deep.

But safe they 've floated o'er the raging main,
Their destined port on Afric's coast they gain,
And drop their anchor close to Gambria's shore,
Where treacherous white man ne'er was seen before.
And now behold what fearful scenes arise,
The frightened blacks in horror turn their eyes;
A hideous white-faced crew at hand appears,
Rushing like demons on with swords and spears.
In wild and maddened fury on they rushed,
While every voice amongst the blacks was hushed;
In fixed astonishment each tongue was sealed,
None dared the least attempt to quit the field.
Trembling and pale each young man stood amazed,
In mute despair the hoary fathers gazed,
In speechless grief their hands the mothers wrung,
Horror and fear had palsied every tongue.
Ruthless the white men, fired with frenzied rage,
Seized rudely on each sex and every age,
Women and children, men and maidens fair,
All doomed alike the cruelty to share.
The savage monsters, now in haughty pride
Pinioned and chained each couple side by side,
Exulting proudly o'er their fallen prey;
Down to their boats they dragged them quick away.
In furious haste on board the ship they flew,
And quick on deck their bleeding captives drew,
Then hurled them headlong to the dismal hold,
To welter in their blood through heat or cold.
Then rose a fearful cry of wild despair,
With many a sigh, and tear, and groan, and prayer,
Each streaming eye, each melting, piteous moan
Might move to kindness e'en a heart of stone.
Unmoved, unmelted, stood the haughty foe,
Triumphing o'er such misery below;
Nor sighs, nor groans, nor tears, nor grief oppressed,
Could move the least compassion in his breast.
All nature sighed to see the dire affray!
The angels sorrowing, wept and turned away,

Nor dared the mercy seat approach, to plead
For wretches who could do so vile a deed.

Aghast in wild dismay the devils blushed,
Ashamed and sneaking, back to hell they rushed,
In breathless haste, in maddening furious heat
Headlong they plunged, each to his dark retreat ;
Affrighted hell belched forth a hideous groan,
While hell's grim tyrant trembled on his throne.
My boys, what ails you all ? at length he cries,
The leader of the club at once replies
O blame us not that we should cut and run,
For we in wickedness are all outdone.
Not even we, proud hell's most vicious elub,
Nor thou thyself, most potent Beelzebub,
With all thy hellish craft, deceit and guile,
Could e'er invent a scheme, one half so vile
As what we 've seen on earth to-day, my lord,
By all the sons of hell to be abhorred.
Thy conscience sir, would smite thee through and through,
O how I shuddered the sad sight to view ;
Thy power, my prince, was rashly set aside,
And God's own angels tauntingly defied.
Thou knowest those shining blacks on Afric's coast,
The happiest tribes that earth could ever boast,
How free and easy on the plains they sport,
Happier by far than any monarch's court ;
A party danc'd to-day on Gambria's shore,
(A company of angels hovered o'er)
While we, almost in envy watched the glee,
A ship came floating down, from o'er the sea.
The white-faced crew in fury rushed on shore,
And to the plain like madmen hurried o'er ;
Rudely the blacks, they seized in furious haste,
And quickly chained each trembling captive fast ;
Defying angels and thy power too,
On board their ship their victims quick they drew,
Then to the hold they hurled them drenched in blood,
Like tigers growling o'er the captors stood.

My coat of mist about me then I threw,
At lightning speed on board the ship I flew,
And took a peep into that dismal hold,
Which truly made my very blood run cold.
From those poor blacks arose most fearful screams,
Their tears and blood ran mingling down in streams;
Men, women, children, all in one rude heap!
I saw God's angels turn away and weep.
Not we, grim devils, nor our potent king,
Could e'er have heart to do so vile a thing.
So now my prince can we be justly blamed
That we, crest-fallen, hurried home ashamed?
Ashamed that men, and men called Christians too,
Should thus do worse than hell's most wicked crew.
But once as o'er the distant hills we flew
I just looked back to take a parting view,
And saw the ship, aloft her sails arose,
But where she's gone not I, poor devil, knows.
You're quite excusable, says Beelzebub,
You did just right yourself and all the club,
Against your flight I've not a word to say,
I should myself been shamed and sneaked away.
But where those scamps have gone to we must know;
Here Lucifer my bravest general go,
A double guard of hell's best sons select,
Cautious but quickly fall upon their track,
Nor stop to confab hold with foes or friends,
But watch them e'en to earth's remotest ends.
Go on brave boys, and never be afraid,
Perhaps a speculation may be made,
But we'll keep dark and do but little yet,
It may at last turn out a lucky hit,
For if this thing can now be managed well,
I think 't will give a chance to people hell.

SECTION III.

Reflections and further infernal conferences.

WHEN devils can such calculations make
In reason too, what course ought men to take ?
Can Christian men uphold such treacherous deeds,
When crushed humanity for mercy pleads ?
And pleads for vengeance too ; shall men not hear ?
Or hearing shall refuse to interfere ;
Shall Christian nations, Christian rulers too,
With cold indifference such horrors view ?
See harmless men and women bound in chains,
And blood, and murder, drenching Afric's plains ?
The Christian name in villany disgraced,
And God's own image shamefully defaced ?
Shall schemes like these, such crimes of deepest dye
Amongst professors pass unheeded by ?
Or will good Christians join, and take a share
In such foul crimes, and fall into a snare ?
Will not the Christian nations all agree
That such proceedings nevermore shall be ?
In league against oppression, all unite,
Proclaim their strength, their majesty and might ;
Make each transgressor quail and hide his head,
Each tyrant tremble with a horrid dread,
Teach all mankind they are free from all those wrongs,
And throw the blame where rightly it belongs ?
The martial thunders of their wrath awake,
And on the guilty sudden vengeance take,
Wipe the foul stain from the fair Christian name,
Show to the world they 'll not endure such shame ?
Arrest the culprits and demand their blood,
Crush out such agitation in the bud,
The crafty schemes of Beelzebub defeat
And send proud Lucifer to his retreat ?

No more let treacherous ships o'er ocean roam,
But send the negroes to their native home?
Return them safe to their once happy shore,
And guarantee they 'll not be troubled more?
Will Christian nations ruled by Christian kings,
Agree at once to do those righteous things?

Reason indeed would teach us thus; but hold!
All Christian nations are in love with gold.
We 'll learn at length what nations have to say,
But come my muse, let us be quick away;
Once more attend at Beelzebub's high court
And hear old Lucifer make his report,
For with his gang perhaps he has returned,
And of those negroes something more has learned;
He to his king his courtly homage pays,
Prepares himself to speak, and thus he says:
Most potent prince, I watched them far away,
Kept close upon their track both night and day,
And saw the ship and crew in safety ride
Across the broad Atlantic's rolling tide.
Not so the negroes; in that hold confined,
The poor forsaken wretches sadly pined,
And died by scores, worn out with fear and grief,
No pitying friend to offer sweet relief;
Their cruel captors void of kindly care,
Each sigh unheeded, mocked at every prayer;
But when in death a victim fell asleep,
They quickly plunged him in the briny deep.
A great proportion thus did death set free,
As large at least as one in every three.
And now in my poor judgment, noble lord,
'T were better still could all have died on board.
Not good for us my prince I do not mean,
But better for the blacks as will be seen,
Dragged, chained and bleeding from their native home,
No more o'er those delightful plains to roam,
No more to meet the friendly, cheering smile,
But doomed to slavery, vilest of the vile.

In those fair isles, the Indies of the west,
Where vile Castilian minions seek their rest,
And lord it proudly o'er their ill-got soil,
There those poor blacks are sold, to sweat and toil.
I saw them dragged from shipboard to the shore,
Their heavy chains and fetters galling sore,
Then like dumb beasts, in open market sold
To those vile scamps, to toil and dig for gold.
When I had learned what was their wretched lot,
For the prime mover of the scheme I sought,
And found the man I should suspected least,
No more nor less than Spanish Catholic priest ;
To all appearance more a knave than fool,
A canting hypoerite, a popish tool,
Pretending piety for an injured race,
His people's crimes had brought to foul disgrace,
Or rather on themselves, had brought the stain
Of injured innocence, in misery slain.
Those happy red men, natives of those isles,
Had been deceived by crafty, treacherous wiles,
And made to toil and dig in golden mines,
For that vile trash that flatters while it shines.
Unused to manual labor from their birth,
They sunk exhausted on their mother earth,
While their oppressors vile the scourge applied
And thus by thousands these poor wretches died.
So this good priest, humanity's kind friend,
This scheme devised to Africa to send ;
A load of negroes steals, the project try
The place of those poor red men to supply.
And then the priest, with sanctimonious face,
O'er the vile scheme must celebrate high mass,
And pray to God to hasten the good time,
Then sent a Dutchman to commit the crime.
How now, says Beelzebub, but how is this ?
Can this good priest show where the difference is,
Between the blacks of east and reds of west ?
Will he presume to tell us which is best ?

What e'er his birth, or color of his skin,
A man's a man, the race are all akin;
Who wrongs a black has no more moral right,
Than he who wrongs a red man, or a white.
But here's fine speculation to be made,
People and priest drive on the horrid trade,
Oppression vile, and murder of the reds,
This guilt it seems lies on the people's heads;
Manstealing, murder, rests upon the priest,
And who'll decide which of the crimes is least?
Though punishment should on the Dutchman fall,
The Priest is the real man-thief after all.
A good old proverb tells the truth in brief,
That the receiver's just as bad as thief;
So purchasers are guilty of the shame,
And drivers too, partakers of the blame.
Man-stealing priest and twaddling Dutchman too,
The captain, mate, and also all the crew;
Buyers and sellers, negro-traders all,
Who any way into this business fall,
(To hear the truth perhaps will please you well,)
They all become fit candidates for hell.
Those crimes will rapidly be multiplied,
Our lower region will be well supplied
With negro-thieves, and rogues of every kind,
That we amongst the Catholics can find;
We may have many from the Catholics true,
But yet from Protestants we want a few.
To aid this end, friend Mammon will go forth,
To tempt those worthy Christians of the north,
Those noble heroes of Britannia's isle,
Get them engaged, they'll do the thing in style.
Their minds to win, be open, frank and free,
Appear a gentleman of high degree,
Some foreign traveller of noble birth,
Ranking among the great ones of the earth.
Stay o'er the Sabbath, the high church attend,
(His royal majesty will be your friend,)

Listen and hear the holy bishop preach,
Consider well what doctrines he may teach ;
By this you 'll learn how best you may commence,
For this high bishop is a man of sense.
You may perhaps meet him in some bye place,
And shake your gold bag boldly to his face ;
I 'm bound he 'll smile, if so, you 've nought to fear,
So whisper negro softly in his ear.
In public then your eloquence display,
They 'll all attend to what you have to say ;
Let all your oratory be unfurled,
To paint the riches of yon western world.
Show them the silver, and the golden mines,
And let them see how bright a guinea shines ;
When you perceive they grow a little bold,
Show them a negro and your bag of gold.
At taking hints they are a curious race,
'Tis said they 'll read your meaning in your face ;
So after this you 've little more to say,
You 've done the job and you may be away.
Away goes Mammon with a hearty will,
Well pleased to have a mission to fulfil ;
The courtiers all disperse where suits them best,
While Beelzebub sits on his throne to rest.

SECTION IV.

The dark Ages of Europe ; the discovery of America ; a brief sketch of the consequences, and the introduction of Slavery into the colonies.

WHILE Mammon proves to his instructions true,
We 'll take, my muse, a retrospective view ;
Go back in vision to the days of yore,
See what was passing on Europa's shore.

Look through the vista of long by-gone years,
That wretched land in dismal gloom appears ;
Darkness and horror veiled her lurid sky,
No morning star to raise her hopes on high,
No sun of science beamed his radiant light,
To dissipate the darkness of the night
Deep ignorance and superstition sat,
In regal robes upon each throne of state ;
While bigotry and rank oppression sought,
Through the whole land to crush each towering thought.
Reformatory schemes could not advance,
On all improvements rulers looked askance ;
Who dared display the least invention new,
Was deemed in league with Satan and his crew.
The arts and sciences were all struck dead ;
No lofty genius dared to raise his head,
Nor wisdom, nor intelligence, were known
From menial serfs, to kings upon the throne.
But all was darkness, sin and misery too,
Nor truth nor righteousness the people knew.
Thus slept the sluggish land in dread repose,
Until at length a leading star arose,
Burst the thick mists of superstition's night,
Shone on the world in full refulgent light,
At one bold stroke immortalized his name,
And taught Castilia's sons the road to fame.
O'er waters wild, across the trackless deep,
His giant mind directs the floating ship,
On seas before unknown his sails unfurled,
And showed to Europe's gaze a new-born world.
Then roused Europa from her dormant sleep,
Thousands on thousands tempt the briny deep ;
Castilia foremost leads th' adventurous band
And plants her standard first on western land.
Britannia soon arouses in her might,
Shakes off the torpor of her sluggish night,
Flings out her floating banner to the breeze,
And launches boldly on the stormy seas.

She, cross the ocean, westward shapes her course,
Urges her ship with energy and force,
With anxious zeal new regions to explore,
Soon plants her banner on the new world's shore.
Castilia's subjects haughty, proud and bold,
Seek out the mines of silver and of gold,
Compel the natives there to dig and toil,—
Britons more modest, cultivate the soil.
Hence rose the reasoning of the Catholic priest,
Whether the red or black man was a beast ;
'Tis maxim true, he says, that might makes right,
So one must be the chattel of the white.
Our people here must hold unbounded rule,
And red, or black, must be our servile tool ;
They both are guilty, as is clearly shown,
Each has a skin not colored like our own ;
And, therefore, 't is as plain as open day
That either, to our men are lawful prey.
But yet we know not what may prove at length,
Nor can we tell what is the red men's strength :
They may perhaps arise in powerful might,
And cut our throats some dark and fearful night.
This is their home ; their numbers are unknown,
These fertile lands they claim as all their own ;
Should they at once our colonies destroy,
Again would they their native rights enjoy.
The negroes, ferried o'er the ocean's wave,
Will prove, I think, by far the safest slave ;
Their numbers we can manage as we please,
And with them live in safety at our ease.
I'll keep my counsel through my life-long years,
Nor publish to the world my dismal fears ;
Under pretence of pity for this race
We'll send for negroes, to supply their place.
In public now the pious priest appears,
Pleads for the red men, melting e'en to tears ;
Shows that to them humanity belongs,
In powerful eloquence portrays their wrongs ;

Proclaims 'tis sin t' enslave this harmless race,
But to steal negroes can be no disgrace.
The people soon relent; their crimes bemoan,
And yield at once their wishes to his own,
Charter the Dutchman with his trusty craft
A load of blacks from Africa to waft.

Thus man, deluded oft by false pretence,
Of one great sin immediately repents;
Unquenched the fire that in his bosom burns,
To crimes as flagrant instantly returns.
Untaught, by truth, the straight and narrow road,
Darkness and error o'er his pathway brood,
Hypocrisy, and priestcraft, bear full sway,
And ignorant man dares not to disobey.
But when right reason bursts upon the sight,
And truth pours in its full, refulgent light,
Exalts the man to manhood's proper sphere,
Priestcraft dies out, and errors disappear.
Reason and truth would elevate our race,
To one degree below the angel's place,
But blinded manhood, ruled by canting priest,
Sinks down, to one degree above the beast.
Castilia's sons, by priestly wisdom taught,
That black men may in innocence be bought,
And drove, like brutes, to dig the mines for gold,
Drive on the business, fearless, brave and bold.
Britons more timid, feared 't would not be right,
For black men thus to be enslaved by white,
But Mammon's gold-bag jingling in their cars
Raises their courage, and dispels their fears.
They'll venture once to do the dreaded deed,
Though conscience strongly does against it plead;
The love of gold can every heart beguile,
Conscience, at least, is silenced for a while.
So when the ship from Africa comes o'er,
Laden with negroes to Virginia's shore,
The Britons soon a bartering traffic make,
And from the Dutch their stolen negroes take.

The deed is done ! the Saxon, noble, brave,
The free-born son of Britain holds a slave !
" O shame where is thy blush ! " his neighbor cries,
A negro slave must be a golden prize !
I 'll not back out since now the deed is done,
I 'll face it through, says proud Britannia's son,
Learn whether negroes are pure gold or dross,
And ascertain what is the gain or loss.
'T is business, traffic fairly bargained out,
Cash to be gained, I have no kind of doubt,
But whether gained or lost I 'll hold my peace,
And yet I 'm sure this traffic must increase.
Our men will venture almost any risk ;
At driving bargains we 're computed brisk,
Morals and cash have no companionship,
And, therefore, conscience may be lulled to sleep.
I have no crime in this case to repent,
For if the Dutchman to their country went,
Stole them away from their own native home,
Compelled them o'er the foaming waves to roam,
And used harsh means his victims to confine,
That truly is his own concern, not mine.
Thus reasoned proud Britannia's haughty son,
Each who had bought a negro ; all as one
Agreed at once their consciences were clear ;
Britannia's priesthood did not interfere.
The holy bishop in his morning walk,
With crafty Mammon might have had a talk ;
Old Mammon ever to his mission true,
Might show his gold-bag and a negro too.
The holy bishop, if the truth be told,
Just like all other men, he loved the gold ;
He might have said in private to the priests,
Just on this slavery question hold your peace.
All other crimes you soundly may berate,
But this grave subject never agitate ;
Or if you should upon this theme alight,
Prove from the Scriptures that 't is just and right.

Perhaps his royal majesty likewise,
Might have seen Mammon in his crafty guise,
And heard him speak of riches yet untold
In the new world, where hills were built of gold,
Where trees were silver, and where rocks were brass,
The pebbles diamonds, and the waters glass,
And all you need your fortune to improve,
Is a few slaves the rubbish to remove ;
And then to prove the truth of what he told,
Shows up a negro and his bag of gold.
On hearing this his majesty might say,
His subjects on that score might have their way ;
That free soil projects were but idle dreams,
And he 'd crush out all anti-slavery schemes.
Vain man ! when clothed with temporary power,
(A party tool, the creature of an hour,)
Lest fearless truth his wisdom should impeach,
Would fain crush out the liberty of speech.
Britannia then by Mammon's wiles allured,
(The slavery scheme by Church and State insured,)
Becomes a party in the horrid war,
Chained to the fiery dragon's bloody car.
Castilia foremost, leads th' adventurous bands,
Foremost her banner plants on western lands,
Foremost she sinks, by slavery's crimes debased,
Her fairest fame in infamy disgraced.
The priest, their leader, and their highest hope,
The priest himself is subject to the pope ;
The pope is, therefore, ruler of the whole,
They all are subject to his full control.
Down to their level in the slavery scale
Britannia sinks ; old Mammon does not fail,
But leads them on, with bold and rapid strides
Down to the shades, where Beelzebub presides.
The pope and Beelzebub are thus in league,
The priest and Mammon manage the intrigue ;
Castilia thus becomes Britannia's brother,
The pope rules one, and Beelzebub the other.

But this agreement can 't continue long,
The pope is feeble, Beelzebub is strong ;
So, when the pope has passed his day of grace,
Old Beelzebub takes him and all his race.
The wily Frenchman, watching the bold moves
Of slavery's advocates, the plan approves,
Procures a few for his own private use,
And like the Spaniard, treats them with abuse.
We 're not informed which way he bent the knee,
Whether to priestcraft or to Mammon's fee,
If to the pope or Beelzebub direct,
The difference is but trifling in effect.
The Dutchman, yet no greater feat can boast,
Than peddling negroes stole from Afric's coast :
The Christian nations all, as one, agree,
That negroes all are born not to be free.

SECTION V.

The nations of Europe engage in the Slave trade.

THE Britons now decide to drive the trade,
Their ships well fitted, their arrangements made,
For Africa's fair shores they shape their course,
Resolved to buy, or steal, or take by force.
With gaudy trinkets, well supplied, to please
The negro tribes, they crossed the stormy seas ;
On Afric's shores arrived they soon prepare,
Their ship to lade, by foul means or by fair.
The first grand object to arrange for trade,
The glittering trinkets openly displayed ;
In mute surprise the wondering blacks behold,
Approach full near, and as they gaze grow bold ;

Stare on the trash with longing, wishful eyes,
Each wishing to secure himself a prize,
Would fain exchange his dearest earthly joys,
For one of these vain, glittering, trifling toys.
Well pleased the Britons thus so soon to find,
The bold temptation working to their mind,
Proceed to show what bargain they will make,
How many negroes for the stuff they 'll take.
Off rush the blacks in wild and joyful strain,
Each in his own direction o'er the plain,
Highly delighted with the splendid prize,
Each brings a victim to the sacrifice.
Secured the slaves, distributed the spoils,
Then rose amongst the blacks portentous broils ;
O'er those once happy and delightful plains,
Horror and bloodshed, fear and terror reigns.
Hatred and vengeance foul, and direful wrath,
Beset by turns each once delightful path,
Each friend his friend assaults in dread affray ;
He who can capture bears his friend away,
Sells to the Briton his ill-gotten prize,
For some mere trifle dazzling to the eyes.
Their freight of human chattels thus procured,
And under bolts and hatches well secured,
Then spread their canvass for the western shores,
There to find market for their ample stores.
Castilians for their colonies supply,
Resolve their fortune in the trade to try,
Rather than patronize the Dutch to steal,
Enter the lists at once, for woe or weal.
The Frenchman looks with envy on the gain,
Secured in trade by England and by Spain ;
Fits out his ship and braves the stormy deep,
And learns that he can buy as well—as cheap.
All Europe's powers join in the wretched trade,
And rob, and steal, when purchase can 't be made ;
Each captain calls a sailor, bold and brave,
Who can secure by force, or stealth, a slave.

Those negro tribes, once fair, now stained with vice,
Furnish the victims for the sacrifice ;
That horrid plot to which the priest gave birth,
Converts those Eden homes to hells on earth.
Some Christian people more refined than they,
When Mammon throws his lucre in their way
Would do as bad ; if the plain truth be told,
Would sell their bosom friend for bags of gold.
Each colony supplied with what it craves,
The mother countries loudly call for slaves ;
When haughty pride and indolence both plead,
A negro is a luxury indeed.

SECTION VI.

Slavery introduced into New England.

ALL Christian nations thus involved in shame,
Bring foul disgrace on the fair Christian name,
Speak out in practice the blasphemy bold,
That man, God's image, may be bought and sold ;
Because that man is guilty of the sin
Of having darker color for his skin,
Seize and condemn that man and all his race,
To slavery, ignorance, and deep disgrace.
E'en those stern Puritans, that noble band,
The pilgrim fathers of our Yankee land,
Taught by their preachers, think it no great harm
To have a slave to work upon their farm.
Those goodly Christians, who, for freedom's sake,
A long and tedious voyage could undertake,
Brave the wild dangers of the raging main,
A quiet home in western wilds to gain ;

From rank oppression, from tyrannic laws,
Forever free ; (stern justice pleads their cause.)
They who could death and every danger face,
For their own freedom and the rising race,
Gird on their swords, protect their righteous name,
And fight their way to honor and to fame,
Meet the dark foeman in the deadly strife,
At fearful odds and fearful risk of life,
Resolved from savage foes they'll never fly,
But bravely conquer or as bravely die ;
They who for freedom such bold measures take,
Persecute Christians for opinion's sake ;
However honest and upright their life,
However pious or how free from strife,
If they dissent one whit from their own creed,
They 're hypoerites and heretics indeed,
And straight way must be dealt with full severe,
Confess their crime, repent, or disappear.
'T is true religion also to enslave,
The heathen black man ferried o'er the wave ;
It is God's will, indeed his great delight,
That they should be the servants of the white.
So taught the preachers ; heed the people gave,
Each who was able bought a negro slave,
Each slave for toil and hardship was designed,
To low and menial drudgery confined.
And soon for slaves so great was the demand,
That dealers kept them constantly on hand ;
Who wished to purchase slaves of any sort,
Could find an agency in every port.
Deluded pilgrims, honest 't is believed,
By their own preachers wretchedly deceived,
Though for the preachers charity still pleads,
Witchcraft and slavery were their damning deeds.
But slaves are men ; God's laws they must obey,
And strictly must observe his holy day,
Most reverently to the church must walk,
And neither laugh, nor smile, nor lightly talk,

But to God's ordinance be strictly true,
And sit discreetly in the negro pew.
When preachers rule, and all the people fear,
The colored servants in the "pew" appear,
But when the people hear to reason's voice,
If negroes go to church 't is their own choice.
When man, emancipate from tyrant's laws,
Great sacrifices makes in freedom's cause,
Loudly for freedom pleads at every breath,
Proclaims his motto liberty or death ;
Let him have power and might, we quickly learn
That he becomes a tyrant in his turn,
His servants rules as with an iron rod,
Makes each one fear and tremble at his nod ;
His own, sweet, precious liberty secured,
His power and place by perfidy procured,
Oppression's victims then may plead in vain,
And bleeding manhood writhe in slavery's chain.

SECTION VII.

Yankees engage in the Slave trade ; temptations to strong drink and adultery with slaves, and fall of both preachers and people.

THE pilgrims, fathers and precocious sons
Supplied with slaves, as old tradition runs,
While seeking out some other source of gain,
A new idea seized the Yankee brain.
Their southern brethren on Virginia's shore,
Had yet few slaves, but sighed for many more ;
Their commerce small, still less their enterprise,
Not they would cross the ocean for supplies.
But Yankee enterprise can never sleep,
'T will roam the world or brave the stormy deep,

Face every danger on the sea or land,
To bring the mighty dollar to the hand.
So Yankees fearless drive the negro trade,
In which they find that money can be made,
Heed not the deep distress, the fell despair,
The bitter sigh, and tear, and groan, and prayer ;
Alas ! poor negroes, you may weep and pray,
'T is useless now, there 's dollars in the way.
Those Yankee traders are a hard-faced race,
Where there is cash they stop for no disgrace ;
But help the south to slaves, a full supply,
At all times well prepared to sell or buy.
Old Beelzebub, well pleased with the success
Of Mammon's mission and his bold address,
In rapture counts the fruits that mission yields,
And sends another agent to the fields.
Come Belial, here 's a mission to fulfil,
Go to yon western world and try your skill,
Inflame the passions of that white-faced race,
And see them sink still deeper in disgrace.
The happiest time to try your magic powers,
Will be to meet them in their idle hours ;
Mildly approach them in your blindest style,
Wear on your face your most enchanting smile.
Speak of the beauties of their happy land,
The fruitful hills and vales on every hand ;
The beauteous pastures dotted with their herds,
The groves made vocal with the songs of birds,
All nature happy, joyful, glad and gay,
No people e'er so virtuous as they.
If pleased, they listen to your flattering tale,
Your sly temptation likely to prevail,
Tell them how fair their female slaves appear,
How fine their shape and form, their voice how clear,
Their skin, though dark, yet soft, their eyes how bright,
Their teeth, how like the ivory, how white.
Speak of their beauty thus, in highest praise,
The admiration of the whites to raise,

And soon they 'll find, e'en to their own surprise,
That female slaves look comely in their eyes.
Belial to earth now quickly speeds his way,
Toils at his mission both by night and day,
Flatters the white man in ten thousand ways,
His veriest faults are subjects of his praise.
His flocks and herds spread o'er his broad domains,
His fruitful fields, his wide extended plains,
His mansion lovely, all his earthly joys,
His beauteous wife, his prattling girls and boys,
His servants too, Belial the whole surveys,
Each one salutes with highly flattering praise ;
Hints to the master cautious, still and sly,
That female slaves stand fairest in his eye ;
Were he the master in voluptuous ease,
He 'd feast luxurious on such charms as these.
Bold his temptation, subtle still his wiles,
Deluded white man half resolved, yet smiles
Abashed, at his voluptuous vile intent,
Resolved to such foul deeds he 'll not consent,
Too strong with virtue armed for such vile schemes,
Sends Belial sneaking with his idle dreams.
Now Bacchus with his keg of rum appears,
Offers himself and rum as volunteers,
To serve with Belial in his worthy toils,
And share with him the glory and the spoils.
Belial suspicious of a vile intrigue,
If heathen gods and devils join in league,
Vanished at once to Beelzebub's high court,
And to his majesty made full report.
Old Beelzebub, with quick, discerning eyes,
Saw the advantage that would thus arise,
Argued to Belial that 't would prove at length
A fine accession to the tempter's strength.
You 've learned, friend Belial, in their sober hours,
They 're proof against your crafty, subtle powers ;
But let intoxication fire their brain,
You 'll lead them willing captives in your chain.

So seize at once the proffered partnership,
Nor let so good a bargain ever slip,
Strike quick, before so great a chance is past,
His boasted share will fall to us at last ;
Belial and Bacchus now unite in league,
Each pledged his troth to push the bold intrigue ;
Bacchus, with laughing cheek and sparkling eye,
Decides the magic of his rum to try.
Joyous the goblets on the sideboard shine,
Filled with the sparkling rum and witching wine,
The laughing god of joyous wit appears,
His jokes, his glee, each sober spirit cheers.
Happy and cheerful now the moments pass,
Each guest emboldened freely quaffs his glass ;
The order now hilarity and song,
The pealing laughter echoes loud and long ;
Belial enraptured views the pleasing sight,
Bows to old Bacchus with profound delight,
Laughs in his sleeve to see them grown so gay,
Well satisfied that now he 'll win the day.
The servants kindly treated to a glass,
The joke and song throughout the household pass,
Till one by one retiring wearied grown,
The master's left all to himself alone.
Belial then slyly tips the knowing wink,
Urging the master to another drink,
Cautious and careful calms his rising fears,
And whispers Dinah softly in his ears.
The amorous passions now with liquor fired,
Dinah, the servant, who was most desired,
Meeting the master in a secret place,
Fearless they rush into the fierce embrace.
The deed was done by one of noble birth,
Ranking amongst the proud ones of the earth,
The lower classes leered and shook the head,
The preacher scratched his ears but nothing said.
Bacchus his liquors scattered far and wide,
And such like cases greatly multiplied ;

And soon arose a curious mongrel race,
With black and white enfeatured on their face.
The tempters wily, crafty schemes prepare,
Preachers and people fall into the snare,
Each keeps his slave, his liquor each partakes,
Each when he chooses his own wife forsakes ;
Adultery, rum, and slavery, ne'er despised,
But to church fellowship are all baptized.
Jolly old Bacchus danced with joyful glee,
The grand success of his bold scheme to see,
Shook his fat sides with laughter at the sport,
While Belial flew to Beelzebub's high court,
Told the good news to all the gaping throng,
Satanic shoutings echoed loud and long ;
Huzzahs for Bacchus rose from every tongue,
With peals of laughter Pandemonium rung.
Great the rejoicing, great the frolic mirth,
That Belial met with Bacchus on the earth ;
Their craft united and their strength increased,
Seduced Protestant people and their priest.
To slavery's wicked scheme seduced them not,
(To that they had by Mammon's gold been bought ;)
To lustful passions and strong drink seduced,
Into the church these sins were introduced.
Deluded priests their worldling flocks to please,
Suffer abominations such as these,
Into the pale of the fair church to creep,
Feeding alike the wolves, and goats, and sheep ;
Nor dare rebuke the most revolting crimes,
The deeds of rich men practised in their times ;
But seek some abstract question to debate,
Some right or wrong in yonder foreign State,
Some heinous crime of some old eastern prince,
Whose life and crimes have all been dead long since ;
Some man of straw to buffet and pull down,
To prove their reasoning and their logic sound ;
Or dilate on conflicting forms and creeds,
And leave untouched their people's evil deeds.

Thus hireling preachers to the worldlings preach,
To worldling churches such smooth dogmas teach;
Pervert the gospel and religion pure
And seal at last their own destruction sure.
While God's own preachers with unsparing hand,
Rebuke the evils practised in the land;
Fearless they step across the rich man's path,
Against his wickedness proclaim God's wrath,
Condemn the deeds which his own hands have done.
Slavery, the vilest that e'er saw the sun,
Intoxication, Satan's craftiest wile,
Adultery, the vilest of the vile;
Oppression, bloodshed, every sin and shame,
That brings disgrace on the fair Christian name,
By whom committed? see the preachers stand,
And fearlessly proclaim "thou art the man."
To each, who in the human chattel deals,
To him who sells or buys, to him who steals;
He who imports and furnishes supplies,
"Thou art the man!" God's preacher sternly cries.
Ye hypocrites! who dare to disobey
God's holy counsels both by night and day,
God's children in your drunken broils disgrace,
And bring contempt on all your haughty race;
Ye hireling preachers who these crimes uphold,
(Barter your souls away for paltry gold.)
When God's right arm in vengeance shall come down,
Upon whose skirts shall all this blood be found?
"Thou art the man!" God's holy preachers cry,
To those false hireling priests who preach a lie.

SECTION VIII.

The American Revolution.

Now to our country's shame and deep disgrace,
We'll look at slavery in another phase,
See to what race true sympathy belongs,
And learn humanity from others' wrongs.
When struggling nations 'gainst their rulers rise,
Their rights assert and every fear despise ;
To freedom's altar cheerful offerings bring,
And hurl defiance 'gainst a tyrant king,
Who independence fearlessly proclaim,
And gain themselves a proud and honored name ;
A name and standing of superior worth,
Among the other nations of the earth ;
Then should that nation an example be,
The first on earth to set the captive free ;
The first to break the yoke and loose the chains,
Nor cherish slavery on fair freedom's plains.
When Britain lolling in voluptuous pride,
Cast wistful glances 'cross the ocean wide ;
Saw cities rich arise on western shores,
Ample supplied with rich and varied stores ;
Fruitful the country, all the fertile lands
Yielding a rich reward to skilful hands ;
The people cheerful, happy, rich, and gay,
On earth no people more content than they.
The scene those lords beheld with envious eyes ;
Arranged to gain from thence a golden prize,
With rank oppression sought to scourge the land,
The people rule as with an iron hand ;
With ruthless grasp upon the treasures seize,
In shape of taxes and collector's fees.
But opposition reared his stubborn head,
Calmly but sternly to the Britons said,
We'll not be taxed against our own consent,
Taxes convey the right to represent.

A long and tedious argument arose,
Betwixt the people and their haughty foes ;
Long time the people to the lords complain,
But find petition and remonstrance vain.
The haughty king both cruel and unkind,
Deaf to all reason, to compassion blind ;
Stubborn the lords in parliament did stand,
Stubborn the people on the western land.
The fearful cry "to arms" at length arose,
The last resort against our haughty foes ;
"To arms ! to arms !" resounded from afar,
Then came the deadly strife, the "tug of war."
At Lexington the first dire scenes unfold,
On Bunker's mount the awful thunder rolled,
Dealing destruction to a thousand foes,
While o'er the land loud shouts of triumph rose.
More fearful times await each coming day,
Slaughter and bloodshed, strife and dire affray ;
Thousands on thousands were in battle slain,
Hot was the strife on each contested plain.
These were the thrilling times that tried men's souls,
Through eight long years the war successive rolls ;
By turns the God of battles smiled and frowned,
By turns each standard with success was crowned.
Frequent and valiant were the daring deeds
Of charging squadrons where some hero leads,
At single hand were brilliant wonders done,
Each daring knight unfading laurels won.
Heroic chieftains loudly call, to arms !
The thrilling call each manly bosom warms ;
In battle, men were noble, bold and brave,
And where was now each slighted negro slave ?
With master's orders, or at least consent,
Full many negroes to the service went
And joined the ranks, without a false pretence,
But faced the foe in master's own defence.
In foremost ranks these faithful servants stood,
Nor feared the sight of garments rolled in blood ;

At noise of warrior's battle ne'er afraid,
But faced the thundering cannon undismayed,
And fought like heroes on the embattled plains,
For master's freedom—but for negro's chains.
Fearful the struggle, doubtful the result,
Proudly the haughty foeman may exult,
Unless degraded by a sore defeat,
Compelled at last to shamefully retreat.
Our gallant chieftain, though o'erwhelmed with care,
Stood firm, unmoved, nor yielded to despair ;
With eagle eyes saw where to strike each blow,
The foe to crush, and lay the tyrant low.
Cornwallis swaggering in his lordly pride,
With dashing Tarlton strutting by his side,
Seated himself in Yorktown, to prepare
To winter, snug and comfortable there.
Our leader, bent on a decisive stroke,
To crush oppression and throw off the yoke,
Led on to Yorktown with a powerful train,
Resolved to die, or victory to gain.
Cautious the prudent warrior led his hosts,
The boasting Briton's camp invested close,
Drew his besieging lines with skill and care,
Entrapped the foeman in a fatal snare,
At one bold stroke closed up the fearful war,
And chained his lordship to the conqueror's car.
Great the rejoicing then throughout the land,
Through Congress Hall and through the martial band ;
Loud shouts arose o'er all the happy plains,
With thanks to God in high and lofty strains ;
With prayers that wars and fightings now may cease,
While Britain humbled, meekly sues for peace.
Proudly on high now floats the stripes and stars,
For home, sweet home, the gallant chief prepares ;
With patriot fire each manly bosom burned,
The men disbanded to their homes returned,
Fair friends with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes,
Welcomed the heroes home with glad surprise ;

The manly father clasped his darling boy,
Mothers and sisters wept with floods of joy,
The aged grandsire joined in cheerful laugh,
Leaped like a boy and threw away his staff.
When deepening shades proclaimed the hour of night,
Neighbors assembled round the hearth-fires bright,
Kind were the greetings, warm each proffered hand,
Welcome each soldier to his native land ;
Each evening passed in joyful, merry glee,
All were as happy as they wished to be.
Old orchard beverage cheered the passing hours,
Each vied with other in colloquial powers ;
Of anecdote each had his ample store,
And each recounts his battles o'er and o'er ;
The wounded veteran told the feats he 'd done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.
But those dark servants, who so nobly stood
And faced the foe amid such scenes of blood,
Heroic courage manfully displayed,
Played well their part and lent efficient aid ;
Perilled their lives on each contested plain,
The independence of the States to gain,
To every trust proved faithful, just, and true,
Were they rewarded with their freedom too ?

SECTION IX.

Doings of the National Convention that formed the Constitution.

THE land divested of her foreign foes,
Dissensions then amongst the people rose,
What course would render their success complete,
Sages and statesmen in assembly meet,

Discuss with anxious zeal their country's cause,
Fully resolved to legislate just laws,
To every section equal rights dispense,
Give each the privilege of his own defence,
Declare each man has his own sacred right,
And to protect them is their chief delight. .
Reason at this high court the case arraigns,
Whether the slaves shall still be held in chains;
Pleads their abduction from their native home,
Compelled by force on foreign shores to roam,
Purchased and trafficked in from State to State,
As each man's avarice or his lust dictate;
Used like dumb beasts in all but one respect,
No mortal power their virtue can protect.
But when a foreign foe invades the land,
The negroes then are ready at command,
The field to take, their master's rights defend,
And in the service great assistance lend.
Now since the masters have their freedom gained,
Shall negroes still in slavery be chained?
Home to the conscience reason's plea was pressed,
Justice decides within each statesman's breast,
Honor and virtue with stern truth, agree
On the decision, negroes *should* be free.
Long time in even scale the trial hung,
Appeals for freedom rose from many a tongue,
High hopes were raised that justice would prevail,
That kind humanity might turn the scale.
Degraded manhood with a darkened soul,
Holds truth and reason in supreme control;
Those hell-born passions, avarice and lust,
Crush all the nobler faculties to dust.
So all this righteous pleading proved in vain,
The negroes still were held in slavery's chain,
To lust and cruelty delivered o'er,
With stronger chains and fetters than before.
Great statesmen quailed and hung their heads for shame,
Thus to disgrace fair manhood's honored name,

To yield fair virtue up to carnal lust,
The wise man trembled that his God was just.
To prove their wisdom and their common sense,
And give their conscience ample recompense,
To carry out the great chivalric plan,
They grant a negro's more than half a man.
From what vast depth of knowledge could they bring
Wisdom sufficient to assert that thing?
A man, God's image, more than half a man!
'T is too profound for human sense to scan.
This the decision these wise statesmen gave,
Three-fifths a man is every negro slave,
Two-fifths a brute, as by their deeds appear;
The whole a chattel personal, 't is clear.
One more wise item in the statesmen's creed,
To which the great convention then agreed;
The foreign trade in slaves was right and just,
To gratify vile avarice and lust.
A traffic righteous at the passing time,
In twenty years becomes a heinous crime;
In that short space (although 't is passing strange,)
The righteous traffic meets a sudden change.
Kidnapping negroes from their native homes,
In twenty years foul piracy becomes,
Far seeing wisdom! that which now is just,
In future days becomes a crime accursed!
To this the wise convention all agree;
With half an eye 't is plain enough to see,
That Yankee traders leagued with southern knaves,
Will fill in twenty years the land with slaves;
So far at least that none will need to buy,
But every man may raise his own supply.
These compacts well secured, they all unite
To give each State its just and sovereign right,
To do as its own members shall agree,
Hold negroes still in chains or set them free.

SECTION X.

Doings of the Yankee nation from 1788 to 1808.

THE Yankee nation, taking 'special pains
To calculate the losses and the gains,
At length the wise discovery shrewdly make,
That keeping slaves is all for pleasure's sake ;
That in the business less is gained than lost,
The negroes' labor does not pay the cost,
Through their long, dreary winters, bleak and cold ;
It were more profit could they all be sold,
To go far south to where a warmer place
Is more congenial to the colored race.
These negroes shipped from Africa's warm coast,
To our cold country half their value 's lost ;
Although in summer, while the weather's warm,
They do good service on their master's farm,
When winter comes with cold and chilly breath,
They 're good for nothing, frozen half to death.
So, on mature reflection, all agree
That on the whole 't is best to set them free ;
Hence the decree to slaves, go free who will,
But those who choose may stay with master still,
And be supported through their lingering years ;
A spark of human kindness here appears,
A streak of mild humanity's warm light,
Like a bright meteor in the depth of night.
We Yankees now humanity pretend,
Claim that our fathers proved the negro's friend,
Knocked off their chains, their cruel fetters broke,
And freed their necks from vile oppression's yoke,
Raised them from brutes to manhood's proper sphere ;
Can we elaim this and keep our conscience clear ?
Hard for the conscience ! if the truth be told,
'T was less humanity than love of gold.
And did they up to manhood's standard rise ?
Do not we Yankees negroes still despise ?

Esteem ourselves a better race than they,
And colorphobia rule us to this day ?
Who shall decide which is the better race ?
We bring ourselves to shame and deep disgrace,
When we, because our brother's skin is dark,
Make him the subject of some vile remark.
Shall we despise the works of nature's God,
Expose ourselves to his avenging rod,
Because he has his righteous wisdom shown,
In some men's skin not colored like our own ?
Who rudely treats the black man with disdain,
Shows his pretence to noble manhood vain.
As well despise a man because his hair
Is black, or brown, or red, while ours is fair ;
Vain, foolish man, the least thing to despise
Of God's own works which all are just and wise ;
Who e'er indulges in so vile a sin,
His soul is darker than the black man's skin.

Now to the south awhile let 's turn our eyes,
See through the twenty years what scenes arise ;
The proud, the lordly chivalry could boast
Thousands of negroes shipped from Afric's coast ;
Each negro market now wide open thrown,
The negro buyers all more worldly grown,
Anxious to gain of slaves a full supply,
Within the twenty years while all could buy.
The Yankee traders speculation made,
Monopolizing the accursed trade ;
The Yankees, most expert at dealing slaves,
And as expert to cheat and swindle knaves ;
The Yankee trader blacks his brother's face,
Makes him appear as of the negro race,
Takes him to market fearless, bold and brave,
And sells him for a robust, able slave.
Slaves of all sizes stood in great demand,
High was the price of such a noble hand ;
The brother in his pocket puts the cash,
The slave submissive well avoids the lash,

But freedom's fire still in his bosom burned,
Watching his chance when master's back was turned,
Resolved in slavery he 'd no longer stay,
Washed off the soot and coolly walked away.
Meeting his brother at the appointed place,
The money shared, again he blacks his face ;
They to another market quick repair,
And play the game on some slave buyer there.
The buyers finding that they 're in a fix,
At length look sharp for such sly Yankee tricks ;
The Yankees headed in their crafty course,
Turn their attention to another source.
Their spreading canvass whitens Afric's shores,
Negroes are stolen, bought, and seized by scores ;
No craft untried, no lucky chance let slip,
To get a negro safe on board their ship.
Each art well practised, each temptation tried,
To lure the youngsters from their parent's side,
The children pleased are quickly led away
On board the ship, and there are forced to stay.
Parents, with aching hearts and streaming eyes,
Their children seek in grief and sad surprise,
Seized by the Yankees who in ambush wait,
Hurried on board to share their wretched fate.
Women and children, youths and aged men,
Crowded promiscuous in the loathsome den,
That horrid dungeon called a slave ship's hold,
'Mid scenes of grief too sickening to be told ;
The darkest stain upon the Yankee race,
The deepest shade in manhood's deep disgrace.
When homeward bound, across the stormy seas,
That loathsome dungeon breeding foul disease ;
In deep despair the wretched captives pined,
'Midst fell disease and loathsome filth confined.
Thus floating onward o'er the briny wave,
Sickness and grief befel each captive slave,
To scores and hundreds death gave kind relief,
While no eye pitied—no one soothed their grief.

Those who survived, with grief and fear oppressed,
Reduced in body and in mind distressed,
Their strength enfeebled, their ambition lost,
Their cruel captors learn to their own cost
That half the profit that they did expect,
Was lost by cruelty and sheer neglect.
But lust and indolence so much prevail,
That every captive found a ready sale,
The sick and feeble, at abated price,
And broken hearted taken in a trice.
The Yankees finding that it paid the cost,
In spite of what by cruelty was lost,
Drove on the business at their headlong rate,
And filled the markets of each southern State.

SECTION XI.

Doings of the Southern chivalry from 1788 to 1808.

THOSE States supplied with negroes to their mind,
A plentiful supply of every kind,
Learn that for safety they must have just laws,
To govern and to guide their righteous cause.
So the collected wisdom of each State,
In solemn conclave wisely legislate,
Discuss the cause in theory and fact,
And on the subject solemnly enact,
Each man his slaves in ignorance must hold,
And ne'er permit them to grow proud nor bold,
Lest they arise their potent strength to try,
Demand their freedom and our power defy.
With whip, or club, be sure to keep them down,
Nor let them rise in country nor in town,
Do what you will to slaves, 't is just and right,
No slave shall testify against a white.

Each man in marriage, slaves may freely give,
In matrimonial bondage slaves may live,
Domestic comforts let them freely share,
For master's profit they will well prepare.
Who owns a slave owns all ; his flesh and bones,
His time, his labor, all his earnings owns,
But let this truth be ever kept in view,
Who owns a mother owns her children too.
Who e'er the father, whether slave or white,
To his own child he has no claim or right ;
The mother's master, he in every case
The mother owns and all her rising race.
These laws approved and published through the State,
To all slaveholders, small as well as great,
All soon agreed, all liked the doctrine well,
What e'er man owns he has a right to sell.
Bacchus at wholesale now deals out his wine,
Rum, gin, and brandy, all things in his line,
And through his agents with unsparing hand,
Peddles damnation broadcast o'er the land.
Belial with Bacchus now his strength unites,
And each slaveholder to the feast invites,
When drunken broils and revelries succeed,
The lustful passions fired by word and deed,
Each virtuous impulse rudely thrust aside,
Adulteries and crimes are multiplied ;
Till slaves are born white as the Saxon race,
And with the chivalry, 't is no disgrace
To hold in slavery their own flesh and blood,
Claiming 't is all for the poor negeo's good.
No law protects the female from abuse,
They 're 'specially designed for master's use,
The whip stands ready if he be denied,
The husband, too, must tamely stand aside,
And to his task must faithfully attend,
Or gag and thumbscrews their kind influence lend.
The marriage cov'nant duly solemnized
Among the slaves, by masters is despised,

And though each master to the rite assents,
'T is nought but mockery and sheer pretence.
When rum and lustful passions fire his brain,
At once he proves the marriage contract vain,
Brutal depravity his course decides,
No law controls him and no virtue guides.
Young virgins too, are master's lawful prey,
They are his servants and they must obey,
And if they are his flesh and blood likewise,
The chivalry such deeds will ne'er despise ;
'T is just and lawful in slaveholder's sight,
As every man has his own perfect right
To raise up slaves in his own chosen way,
And neighbors in that case have nought to say.

SECTION XII.

Abolition of Slavery in England.

WHILE these things passed on freedom's happy land,
Tyrannie Britain took a different stand,
Men of true manhood saw with sad surprise
The evils which from slavery arise,
A crusade waged against so vile a wrong,
And in the manly contest battled strong.
Firm and unmoved they saw their duty plain
To free their country from so foul a stain ;
Took truth and reason for their guiding star,
And chained their destiny to freedom's car ;
Onward and upward held their steadfast course,
Led on by Clarkson and by Wilberforce.
Proud men, and men of talent then arose,
With powerful eloquence the scheme oppose,

Plead that to negroes slavery does belong ;
To give them freedom would be sadly wrong,
That colored people are a race accursed
By Heaven's decree, to slavery doomed at first ;
That fell decree on Cainan's children passed,
Through coming ages of the race should last ;
Their slavery must eternally endure,
Until old time on earth shall be no more.
Should mortal man presume to set them free,
And bid defiance to the stern decree ;
Let loose the fearful passions of the race,
And on ourselves and children bring disgrace,
Open the flood-gates of destruction's wrath,
With horrid crimes beset each peaceful path,
The fearful list of human crimes to swell,
The direful consequence no tongue can tell.
So cease vain man, nor think to free a slave,
The righteous law which God to mortals gave,
Condemns the negroes, all the colored race,
To servitude, to slavery, and disgrace.
Thus plead the advocates of slavery's cause,
Defend the justice of existing laws,
Proclaimed that men who dare to interfere,
Were lunatics, with intellects unclear.
Firm and undaunted their opponents stood,
Like towering rocks amidst the raging flood,
Clarkson in church and Wilberforce in State,
Met each bold argument in calm debate ;
To each aspersion modestly replied,
With gentle hand rolled back the swelling tide,
Poured forth the truth in most mellifluous tone,
While virtuous manhood in each period shone,
In burning eloquence portrayed the shame,
Brought by vile slavery on Britannia's name,
Argued the cause from words of holy writ,
Quoting the language (ever just and fit,)
Of him who spake as never mortal spoke,
Undo the burdens and break every yoke,

Compel no man to ever bow the knee,
Throw off each chain and let the oppressed go free.
No more oppress your brethren of the earth,
Esteem yourselves as each of equal worth;
To every man justice and freedom give,
In peace and unity let brethren live.
Hear the kind words descending from above,
Each as himself his neighbor truly love,
What e'er you would that others do to you,
Be sure to others the same things to do.
Consider well these things; Britons beware,
Lest vile temptations lead you to a snare.
Love to our brethren our true course points out,
And shows our duty plain beyond a doubt.
Were we compelled in foreign lands to roam,
Torn chained and bleeding from our native home,
Condemned to slavery 'neath some tyrant's lash,
To earn for him the glittering paltry trash,
Silver and gold, to his own use applied,
While our own wants are scantily supplied,
No friends to cheer us in our lonely hours,
Doomed in vile drudgery to exert our powers.
If from our task we chance to turn our eyes,
The keen-eyed master quick the lash applies;
No strains of music to our hearts are sung,
No friends address us in our native tongue,
But all is darkness, grief, fear, and despair,
Horror and misery reign in silence there.
Were this, my friends, indeed our hapless lot,
And cruel men our sufferings heeded not,
Could we but hear humanity's kind voice
Proclaim our freedom, how would we rejoice.
Would we not sing in loud and joyful strains,
And kiss the hand that broke our galling chains,
Pour out our souls in love and gratitude;
Malice and hatred be at once subdued,
Esteem those men the noblest of our race,
Within whose breasts humanity finds place;

Extol their virtues in the highest lays,
And laud their goodness in loud shouts of praise?
If so, reflect on our own country's crimes,
The cruel slavery practised in our times ;
Turn our attention to the colored race,
Now held in bondage to our own disgrace.
These are our brethren, all of our own kin,
Children of God (though of a darker skin,)
Descended from the same great parent stock,
Sheep of his fold, and members of his flock.
God, who in wisdom gave us all our birth,
Made of one blood all nations of the earth ;
Assigned to each his just and proper sphere,
And gave us laws to see our duty clear.
So if we would secure our souls from shame,
Exalt the honor of the Christian name,
Let us exert our strength, our power and might,
To give those slaves their freedom and their right.
Thus plead the noblest sons of Britain's soil,
Long and laborious was the manly toil,
Unpopular at first the novel theme,
Treated by lords as a wild, idle dream,
Sneered and contemned by men of high estate,
Though statesmen ceased to meet them in debate.
Calm and serene our heroes stood their ground,
While in their ranks were goodly numbers found.
Slowly but sure their doctrine gained the day,
As one by one opposing foes gave way,
Until at length the righteous deed was done,
(The battle fought, the glorious victory won,)
The deed at which enraptured millions smile,
Slavery abolished in Britannia's isle.
And did those slaves run wild with joyful pranks,
To see themselves restored to manhood's ranks?
Indulge their joy in loud and boisterous mirth,
That they enjoy a standing on the earth,
With men who claimed the title of the free,
And that henceforth themselves would freemen be?

In pride did they exalt themselves on high,
And claim obeisance of each passer by,
Esteem themselves on par with English lords,
And take on titles of high sounding words?
Or, did they wandering vagabonds become,
Strolling from place to place without a home,
In filthy rags, improvident and poor,
Begging their daily bread from door to door?
No, not at all; in true and honest hearts,
With feelings which humanity imparts,
In modest diffidence received their right,
In silent gratitude they all unite
To bless the benefactors of their race,
Who thus restored them to their rightful place.
Then sought for service, to procure a home,
And sustenance against the days to come;
From honest Britons gained their just rewards,
Settled in peace amongst the quiet lords;
More faithful servants England could not bring,
Nor loyal subjects of Britannia's king.

SECTION XIII.

The Insurrection in Hayti.

AND now, my muse, shall we digress awhile,
See what was passing on Hispania's isle,
The very place where first the Spanish priest
Condemned the negro as a brutal beast.
The wars of nations in process of time,
Changed the dominion o'er that fruitful clime,
From proud Castilia's to the Frenchmen's hands,
Exchanged the whole, both negroes and the lands.

Proud of their conquest, in despotic strains
The Frenchmen lord it o'er their ill-got gains,
Exalt themselves to grandeur, power and might,
Seize on the treasures whether wrong or right,
Despoil each heritage with foul abuse,
Convert the treasure all to their own use ;
Haughtily o'er the slaves they domineer,
Whip and abuse to keep them still in fear,
Cruelize sadly all the colored race,
Who still exist in that degraded place,
Scourge and afflict each one, or good, or bad,
And to their numbers still more victims add.
Unfeeling tyrants, cruel as the grave,
Blood-thirsty monsters gloating o'er each slave,
Seize on the negroes with but slight pretence,
Whip, bruise, and beat them, when they 're past defence ;
With cruel mockery treat each piteous moan,
Still unrelenting heed not sigh nor groan,
But gathering vengeance from each passive move,
With fire and fury in their eyes, to prove
Their cruel hatred of the negro race,
And how they 're bound to keep them in their place.
Frenchmen beware ! those slaves worn out with grief,
And patient suffering, yet may seek relief ;
Sneering and scornfully perhaps you say,
Our slaves know better than to disobey.
But saddening sounds salute the listening ear,
Deep sighs and groans the guardian angels hear,
Sad omens gather on the midnight air,
Darkness and terror reign in silence there.
The moon in sadness had withdrawn afar,
Faintly and gory shone each sickly star,
Through the dread silence not a sound was heard,
Save the sad scream of the ill-omened bird.
Secret the gatherings on each fearful night,
Schemes for revenge, dire butchery and fight,
Claim the attention of each leader brave,
Revenge or death the watch-word for each slave.

Calm the debates, exciting the appeals,
Firm resolution o'er each spirit steals,
Determination braces every nerve,
All are decided in the cause to serve.
Silent by day and earnest at their task,
Yet unprepared for throwing off the mask,
The lordly masters dreaming not of harm,
Inflict harsh cruelties without alarm.
Sad the forebodings of the negroes' hearts,
Direful the passions cruelty imparts,
Death or destruction of their haughty lords,
Engraven on their hearts as household words.
At every gathering, each impatient grows
To wreak his vengeance on his haughty foes,
Longing and sighing as for daily food,
To bathe his hands in his proud master's blood.
Not yet my friends, the wary leaders cry,
The time to act is slowly drawing nigh,
Soon shall we in our dignity arise,
Our rights assert and every fear despise ;
War to the knife, e'en to the bloody hilt,
Nor yield until our last heart's drop is spilt.
Those mountain coverts hide a score of hordes,
Panting for vengeance on our haughty lords ;
Bold fugitives who there themselves conceal,
Fled from the tortures we are doomed to feel.
They are preparing for the deadly strife,
For war and bloodshed to the trusty knife,
Anxious at once to strike the fatal blow,
Rise in their might and lay the tyrants low.
Those noble fellows soon will be prepared,
Nor youth, nor age, nor sex, will then be spared,
We will from fury never once relent,
But wreak our vengeance to our heart's content.
So, wait brave boys, until the sign is given,
Then move at once as if in fury driven,
Silent but surely deal the fatal stroke,
Nor cease until our galling chains are broke.

Meanwhile the masters', lolling at their ease,
Sat o'er the bottle till "half over seas,"
Enjoyed themselves at their sublimest rates,
Cracking their negroes o'er their woolly pates ;
In wild carousals full of sparkling wit,
With joke and song for each occasion fit,
Till wearied grown, too drunken now to watch,
To rest they sink to doze off the debauch.
Hushed was the night, all nature sought repose,
The firmament with sparkling beauty glows,
In full orb'd radiance beaming from afar,
In brilliant splendor shines each rolling star.
Changed was the scene ere morning light appears,
Sighs in the breeze the wakeful negro hears,
Lists to each sound with palpitating heart,
Each sigh, each murmur, fearful hopes impart.
Lurid and dim becomes the pallid sky,
The stars in darkness veil themselves on high ;
The moon in terror hides her crescent form,
The mountains mutter at th' impending storm,
Darkness and horror through all nature reigns,
While dire revenge is brooding o'er the plains.
Profound the slumbers of the lordly race,
Each sleeps securely in his choicest place ;
Calm and unruffled as the summer day,
Each blooming matron with her infant lay.
Sweet the repose (in innocence secure,)
Of virtuous maidens, undefiled and pure,
No fearful omens their pure minds annoy,
But blissful dreams of future days of joy.
Hispania soon will see another sight,
Lo ! from the mountain streams a lurid light ;
Silent and awful moves a darkened mass,
Down from the mountain slowly on they pass,
Grope their dark way to those fair plains below,
Like a broad stream in full, majestic flow ;
On, and still on, the current moves along,
The keen-eyed watchman, peering sharp and long,

On mountain height the beacon fires desery,
Whisper their friends the thrilling battle-ery.
Quick as the lightning, hot for deadly strife,
Each seized his axe, his hoe, his spade, his knife,
Cautious and stealthy glided o'er the plain,
Until the place of rendezvous they gain;
Collected there a host in dread array,
With mountain comrades ripe for the affray,
Each with his trusty weapon for the fight,
Soon to divulge a thrilling, horrid sight.
Silent each leader calmly steps aside,
Then in small squadrons promptly they divide,
Each to his destination quickly moves,
And soon his prowess and his vengeance proves.
In silent grandeur each proud mansion stood,
No inmate dreamed of garments rolled in blood,
But sweetly sleeping in serene delight,
No sound invades the stillness of the night;
But peace and calm contentment, void of care,
Reign undisturbed in quiet silence there.
But h! strange yells disturb the sleeping ear,
What fearful sounds th' affrighted inmates hear!
The welkin rings with wild, unearthly screams,
Rousing the sleepers from their blissful dreams.
Murder and carnage burst upon the sight,
Each sleeping mother, roused in wild affright,
Sees her sweet infant slain before her eyes,
Her husband butchered ere he can arise.
Her household gods in such wild fury slain,
She pleads for mercy, but her prayer is vain,
Silent and savage the uplifted blow
Descends, and lays the weeping mother low.
The daughter frightened at the sounds she hears,
Flies to the scene and quickly melts in tears,
Sobbing and sighing deep at every breath,
The fatal blow descends, she sleeps in death.
The pale young man essays to flee for life,
But falls a victim to the axe or knife,

A stalwart demon, who in ambush stood,
Soon lays him prostrate, weltering in his blood.
The aged grandsire, sleeping calm and mild,
Heard not the noises, nor confusion wild ;
A demon, stealthily the curtain drew,
And stabbed the sleeping victim through and through.
The morning twilight dawns upon the scene,
No foe was found where all that strife had been ;
Horror of horrors ! o'er each mansion brood,
Each master's dwelling deluged deep in blood.
The perpetrators of the murderous scheme,
Had vanished, like the fairy morning dream,
The rising sun, as his bright beams unfold,
Saw them secreted in their mountain hold.
Through the long day in secret they remain,
Feasting on plunder pillaged from the plain,
While one part dealt destruction on the whites,
Another took what food they called their rights.
They 'd served their masters long, on scanty food,
And now resolved to feast on what was good ;
The sweat of their own brows had gained the bread,
But ne'er till now had they been amply fed.
So feasting high, on richest food and wine,
In merry glee their ebon faces shine,
Glutted at length and every sense grown dim,
Silent each tongue, and palsied every limb,
Heedless and weary, sinks each one to rest,
All in oblivion's land awhile are blest.
Refreshing sleep to while the passing hours,
Restores again the vigor of their powers,
Again they eat, again they taste the wine,
Again prepare, in murderous deeds to join.
At midnight hour, when nature all was hushed,
Down from the mount, in maddening speed they rushed
Like the wild avalanche in fury driven,
Or the fierce thunderbolts of angry heaven.
Calm and secure the distant village lay,
Dreaming of pleasures on the coming day,

All slept serene, nor dreamed of future harm,
Sudden and awful burst the dire alarm ;
Terrific screams through the calm air arose,
Rousing the sleepers from their sweet repose ;
They rouse, to meet the fearful, fatal blow,
And soon in death each victim there lies low.
Finished the slaughter, on that death-doomed plain,
Soon to their haunt the blacks return again,
Safely enconcecd, amidst the mountain height,
Resting by day and slaughtering by night ;
Malice and hate, revenge and direful wrath,
Horror and bloodshed mark each fearful path.
Driven by cruelty to seek revenge,
Those powerful fellows (though 't is passing strange)
Drove their harsh work, with still increasing zeal,
Made the whole island their dread influence feel.
The lordly masters trembled in dismay,
Proud mistresses were seen to weep and pray,
Young men and maidens mute with grief and fear,
In deep distress, scarce check the falling tear.
The haughty rulers, struck with sad surprise,
Some scheme for safety saw they must devise,
Ordered their martial squadrons to the field,
To cause the negroes instantly to yield.
The crafty negroes, guarding well their ground,
Not of their numbers was a coward found,
Each on impending danger cast a smile ;
The charging squadrons passing a defile,
Before the negroes on their vision broke,
Were *hors du combat* at a single stroke.
The rulers, stricken sore with fear and grief,
Send to the father-land for kind relief ;
The father-land with rank dissensions sown,
Which to its centre shook the Bourbon throne,
Had no relief for colonies to spare ;
Terror and wild confusion triumphed there.
The island, on her own resources thrown,
Must face the struggle, stand or fall alone ;

Once more she calls her soldiers to the field,
Once more by numbers they 're compelled to yield
In sore affright, despairing of success,
While each dread night makes still their number less ;
Rulers and lords agree to quit the land,
No more to fight against that daring band ;
Each who escaped the axe, the spade, the knife,
Snatched a few goods and fled, to save his life.
When negroes held possession of the isle,
Confusion reigned, and anarchy, awhile ;
Each leader claimed his sovereign right to rule,
Like other men of proud ambition's school.
Each one was lordly, portly, bold and brave,
Though each was born, and had been reared a slave ;
And though their influence with the slaves was great,
Were ill prepared, to rule and guide the State.
All slaves in ignorance are kept confined,
With nought but nature to instruct the mind,—
Moral persuasion, measured by the lash,
Religion, by the master's love of cash.
From such deep ignorance we can't suppose,
That slaves at once to manhood's standard rose ;
If by degrees they gain the slippery steep,
Nor lose their foothold by a fatal leap,
Better their fate than those who from the height
Step down, to rob God's children of their right.
Ere those freed slaves could settle in repose,
A furious strife betwixt the leaders rose,
Each for the rulership preferred his suit,
Till nought but war could settle the dispute.
Grown tired at length, and sick of fruitless war,
Each yielded half that each contended for,
Between themselves the promises divide,
His part each rules, replete with royal pride ;
But yet a jealous spirit still prevails,
Which border warfare on the tribes entails.
Fomenting discords, jealousies and strife,
None were secure in property or life,

Like some proud nations, claiming the degree
Of Christian people, civilized and free.
At length by sad experience wiser grown,
The laws of human kindness better known,
Civilization by degrees unfolds,
Darkness and error lose their fatal holds ;
The light of truth dawns on the darkened isle,
Causing the tribes to greet with friendly smile ;
Each sees a brother in his neighbor's face,
And to acknowledge it is no disgrace.
They learn likewise, 't is better to unite,
Than be divided and forever fight ;
In mutual consultation all agree,
That but one nation henceforth will they be ;
A band of brothers ; firm, united stand,
Friendly and true in life, in heart and hand,
In quiet each his own affairs attend,
And treat each neighbor as a trusty friend.
The government invested in one man,
Firmly established, on true wisdom's plan,
With safeguards strong around the people thrown,
Secured from tyranny, and pride o'ergrown.
The ruler, in mild dignity presides,
Against intrusions from abroad provides ;
Happy the people, all content and free,
And dwell secure in virtuous liberty ;
Proving themselves a people of high worth,
Their rank they take with nations of the earth ;
All nations freely take the virtuous stand,
To grant the sovereignty of Hayti's land
Except our own, who with a scornful air,
Discerns a negro sitting in the chair.
Let him who claims that negroes are a race
Designed for nought but slavery and disgrace,
Without a talent for successful strife,
In the great struggle of enlightened life,
Incapable of knowing good from ill,
Can none but drudging, menial stations fill,

Lay prejudice aside ; then let him turn
 To Hayti's history and his error learn ;
 See there a race who once in slavery groaned,
 In deepest ignorance their fate bemoaned ;
 Now to full manhood's noble stature grown,
 By mental powers and efforts all their own.
 Cease then, vain man, nor call the negroes brutes,
 Of that bold insurrection see the fruits ;
 The negroes there have proved themselves true men,
 And in like circumstances might again.

SECTION XIV.

Horrors of Slavery at the South, and indifference of the North,
 from 1808 to 1812.

Now to America again return,
 And see how fierce the fires of slavery burn ;
 See what wild projects rule in human hearts,
 And what vile schemes the love of gold imparts.
 The foreign slave trade banished from the main,
 So Yankee traders lose that source of gain ;
 But yet the home trade freely is allowed,
 And no repugnance by the laws avowed.
 The foreign trade 's a crime of deepest dye,
 But all at home who choose, may sell or buy
 At private sale, or at the auction stand,
 Lead, drive or carry, throughout all the land.
 Small minds are sadly puzzled, to see through
 The difference, in a moral point of view,
 Betwixt a cargo, brought from home by ship
 And coffle, driven from their homes by whip ;
 They both are stolen from their native home,
 Both doomed alike, in foreign lands to roam,

55

5
6

Both doomed to slavery, vilest of the vile,
No more to meet the cheering, friendly smile.
Tell us ye wise ones in your sober hours,
When calm reflection clears your mental powers,
Why is one trade a heinous, foul offence,
The other righteous, clothed in innocence.
'T is quickly told ; the glaring truth is plain,
Pride, lust, ambition, and the love of gain
With southern chivalry predominate,
And rule the councils of each southern State ;
Where they enact such vile and wicked laws,
As shall uphold their foul, inhuman cause.
Each proud slaveholder who to Congress goes,
Seizes the northern doughface by the nose,
And pulls the wool completely o'er his eyes ;
The northern doughface, taken by surprise
Is tamely led (of southern knaves the sport,)
To give their " institution " his support.
With the assistance of such puny souls,
The slavery power the nation's fate controls ;
Rules the whole land with statutes to their mind,
While northern doughface members go it blind.
The ruler in the Presidential chair,
Guarding the slavery scheme with pious care,
Protects slaveholders in their wildest dreams,
Nor puts his veto on their vilest schemes.
Slavery rules rampant on the southern plains,
Enforced by thumb screws, paddles, whips and chains ;
Calmly the north looks on, with careless eye,
And slavery's crimes are passed unheeded by.
So haughty masters rule with boundless sway,
And roll in luxury by night and day,
Commit all crimes their carnal hearts desire,
Their malice, hatred, or their lust inspire.
Abuse the slaves with cruelties untold,
In lust and avarice grown proud and bold,
Freely indulge in vile adultery's stain,
Traffic the issue off for paltry gain.

Unmindful of a mother's holy love,
No tears, no prayers, their callous hearts can move,
Husband or child torn cruelly away,
With wife, or mother, can no longer stay.
Or, if the trader with a lustful eye,
Chooses the daughter or the wife to buy,
Husband or father then must stand aside,
The trader's passion must be gratified ;
He for his victim offers a great price,
The master strikes the bargain in a trice ;
Prayers and entreaties no acceptance gain,
Dollars are mighty—negro's prayers are vain.
When lust or avarice quicker market craves,
Men to the auction stand bring out the slaves,
And there, exposed to insult and disgrace,
Maidens are bought, fair as the Saxon race,
For lustful eyes on their fair forms to feast,
And be examined as we would a beast ;
Then rudely sold while weeping in despair,
And dragged away, alas ! they know not where.
Slaveholders, thus devoid of fear or shame,
Bring foul disgrace on the fair Christian name,
Degrade themselves below the brutal beasts,
Still unrebuked by either church or priests.
The church, alas ! is tinctured, with the stain
Of holding slaves, for sinful love of gain ;
People and priests in slavery's coils are bound,
Scarcely one true Christian in the fold is found.
Sad, sickening thought ! the puritanic north
Unites, nor sends the least remonstrance forth,
In shame and sin the church degraded rolls,
Hiding salvation from unnumbered souls.
The north, engaged in avaricious schemes,
The south indulging in voluptuous dreams,
Widely the nation swells her vast domains,
O'er western valleys, mountains, hills and plains ;
Her grasp extends to yon broad southern bay,
Where Montezuma's hidden treasures lay.

Westward the Yankees turn their longing eyes,
And there remove their worldly enterprize,
The mighty west her richest wealth unfolds,
While south the blood-stained car of slavery rolls,
Like the sirocco, with its poisonous breath,
Breathing destruction, misery and death
O'er all those lovely, wide-extended plains,
Where nature wild in richest luxury reigns.

SECTION XV.

The war of 1812.

BRITANNIA lording proudly o'er the main,
Envied the Yankees their commercial gain,
Sought to deprive them of their lawful right,
By putting merchant vessels in affright,
Then on pretence they there deserters find,
Choose from the crew such men as please their mind ;
(Claim, o'er the world, they can a Briton tell,)
Their victims force on board their floating hell.
Americans, indignant at such scenes,
But for revenge did not possess the means ;
The nation roused, and loudly called to arms !
The thrilling call each patriot bosom warms.
To arms rushed thousands from their peaceful homes,
To meet the foeman, when or where he comes ;
On shipboard Yankees met the haughty foe,
In the fierce struggles laid the tyrants low.
And on the land, when e'er bold Yankees fought,
The boasting Britons found the fires too hot.
But when the foeman from his shipping pours
His martial squadrons on the slave bound shores,

At easy marches there he moves along,
But meets resistance neither bold nor strong.
The people, fearing that the slaves would go,
And join the ranks of the invading foe,
Unless protected by a martial host,
Begg'd of the chieftain not to leave his post,
But hold them safe in his protecting care ;
The martial chieftain hearkened to their prayer,
And unprotected left the nation's pride,
While the proud foe-man, like the rolling tide,
Moves his bright legions, o'er the trembling plains,
Until the nation's capitol he gains ;
The ruler quickly with his council fled,
No public functionary showed his head ;
In marched the foe with unmolested sway,
The public buildings soon in ashes lay.
Thus did our nation suffer deep disgrace ;
Our nation, boasting a heroic race,
Saw their proud capitol in ruin laid,
Because of slavery men were sore afraid.
But when the Britons southward turned their eyes,
And marked the crescent city for their prize,
Another spirit in the field they found,
One who could firm and fearless stand his ground ;
The tempting prize they cannot but forego,
And leave their gallant leaders lying low,
Take to their heels, and quickly speed their way,
Down to the shore, where boats and shipping lay.
When safe on board their rashness they bemoan,
By sad experience now are wiser grown,
Resolve 't is best no more to try their luck,
To face old Hickory nor old Kentuek.

SECTION XVI.

Movement of the Slavery power, the Missouri Compromise, the apathy and indifference of the North, with here and there a manly demonstration in favor of freedom.

WHEN gentle peace returned again to bless,
And free the nation from wild war's distress,
Westward again the star of empire rolled,
Slavery's vile schemes throughout the south unfold.
In Congress Halls the slavery power presides,
Bound to keep pace with westward rolling tides,
Watching, with jealous eye, each northern move,
Urging slaveholders to as zealous prove,
Nor let the freemen on more northern plains,
Exceed them in extending their domains.
Westward removing, each to find new homes,
Freedom and slavery in close contact comes ;
Northward, too far, the slavery power extends,
To please the Yankees or their northern friends.
Hence, in the councils of the nation, rose
A furious strife betwixt the friends and foes
Of slavery, in the new prospective State ;
Hot the contention—angry the debate.
High words prevailed—vile epithets abound,
Each clique declared they 'd never quit their ground,
Each vowed his scheme should be in triumph borne,
Or the proud Union into fragments torn.
Each northern doughface hid his sickly head,
Joined with the south, or else in terror fled.
At length some members, more discreet and wise,
Propose a peaceful, mutual compromise ;
That State with slavery should admittance gain,
Slavery henceforth, forever should remain
Confined, beyond a stipulated line,—
All parties pleased, in this agreement join.
So the vexed question, settled down to rest
For the time being ; all men acquiesced,

Friendship and peace prevailed throughout the land,
And slavery triumphed with a powerful hand.
Freedom and slavery now in friendship join,
Neither attempting to step o'er the line.
Freedom's proud spirit quailed, and dormant lay
While slavery's minions (gloating o'er their prey)
New schemes devise, unbounded power to gain,
And sway the sceptre o'er the whole domain ;
Cautious and crafty, plan their deep laid schemes,
Freedom, indulging in lethargic dreams,
Rouses at length, to find her spirit crushed,
And her small voice in the great council hushed.
Then roused the mighty lion of the north,
His powerful voice in council thundered forth,
His high-toned eloquence th' enchantment broke,
The slave power quailed beneath the withering stroke.
Far to the north reverberates the sound,
Freedom, a solitary champion found
True to her cause ; nor persecution feared ;
Fearless the truth proclaimed ; his voice was heard.
A few choice souls, with mental vision keen,
Raised freedom's standards, few and far between,
Beheld from thence the dawn of freedom's morn,
The doughfaced rabble raised a shout of scorn ;
With pelting logic freedom's friends assail,
And egg, and brickbat arguments prevail.
The reverend Rabbi and the hoary sage,
In condemnation of the work engage,
Proclaim 't is vain for man to ope his mouth,
Against the institution at the south ;
This powerful system can't be done away,
'T is God's decree and mortals must obey.

SECTION XVII.

Division of the M. E. Church.

THE Wesleyan church, by north and south sustained,
 In league with vile oppression still remained,
 Sounding the trump of slavery afar.
 Chained to the fiery dragon's bloody car;
 Preaching the doctrine that 't is right and just,
 To hold in slavery Cainan's race accursed;
 'T is a great blessing to the negro's soul,
 And sanctioned by our Saviour's golden rule.
 Thus the right reverend holy bishop taught,
 His righteous soul with pious wisdom fraught;
 The church the sanetimonious fraud receive,
 And southern brethren willingly believe.
 Then rose a powerful preacher at the north,
 And from the bosom of the church stood forth,
 Declared himself of such vile trash ashamed,
 In burning eloquence God's truth proclaimed;
 Raised the true standard of the cross on high,
 Warning believers in the truth, to fly
 From the corruptions of the church, and gain
 A name and standing free from slavery's stain.
 Freedom's bold champions to the standard flock,
 Grounded on truth as an eternal rock,
 Build a new church for freedom's holy prayer,
 And plant the blooming rose of Sharon there.
 The "holy church" disturbed by this "wild scheme,"
 Denounced the project as an "idle dream,"
 Claimed not to feel from thence the least alarm,
 That such "mere trifles" do but little harm;
 Preached that the leaders sink to deep disgrace,
 Yet quaked and trembled even to her base;
 Soon found herself of half her glory shorn,
 With her proud fabric to its centre torn,
 A wicked line of demarcation, drawn
 O'er mountain, valley, hill, and flowery lawn,

Dividing slavery from the church of God,
Where freedom fearless holds her blest abode ;
Where God's own preachers, warmed with holy zeal,
For the poor slaves true Christian interest feel.
Preach the sound doctrine, that God's holy laws
Condemn and reprobate the slavery cause ;
That all slaveholders, clerical or lay,
Are in the downward, broad and dangerous way.
The southern wing, encoiled in slavery's chains,
Her bleeding victims drooping o'er the plains,
Sighing and sorrowing for want of light,
Groping in darkness dismal as the night ;
No cheering hopes to meet a brighter dawn,
Each ray of comfort from their souls withdrawn ;
Their haughty masters, cruel as the grave,
Preachers submission teach to every slave,
Preach 't is their duty to contented be,
For their condition is but God's decree.
The whole church south in filthy lucre rolled,
To slavery, lust, and foul adultery sold ;
To bide, in keeping with the treacherous times,
Within her pale commits such fearful crimes,
That Beelzebub scarce dares to own his name,
Looks on amazed, and hangs his head for shame.

SECTION XVIII.

The annexation of Texas and the Mexican war.

THE nation's council lusting for the spoils,
Procured by slavery's unrequited toils,
Extends her grasping, wild ambition far,
Seizes the nation of the lonely star,

A willing victim to her worldly schemes,
To carry out her bold protector's dreams.
The mighty slave-power yet unsatisfied,
Urging extensive realms on every side,
Backed by each puny doughface of the north,
Their crafty schemes are quickly carried forth ;
Southward again they turn their lustful eyes,
See the fair hills of Mexico arise,
Covet with ardor her delightful plains,
Resolve to add them to her vast domains.
So for a furious onslaught, boys, prepare ;
Let loose the bloodhounds, call the dogs of war,
Martial your squadrons 'gainst th' embattled foe,
Sound the loud trumpet, let the clarion blow ;
Rattle aloud the spirit-stirring drum ;
Let all the volunteers to battle come,
Show their high courage in the glorious fight,
And crown themselves with martial honors bright.
Forth moved the squadrons o'er the trembling plain,
Horror and strife, and dire confusion reign,
Slaughter and carnage crowned each bloody day,
Wherever " Rough and Ready " led the way ;
Many bold heroes fell, empierced with scars,
While victory perched upon the stripes and stars.
While " Rough and Ready " managed on the plains,
In every battle brilliant victory gains.
The Generalissimo was soon called for,
In all the pomp and circumstance of war,
To move his ponderous engines, sure and slow,
Against the harmless cities of the foe.
Cautious the chieftain led his powerful train,
Wary and prompt to each advantage gain,
His " heavy service " such destruction made,
The city fell, in " glorious ruin " laid.
Carnage and blood attend him as he goes,
Dealing destruction on his feeble foes,
Onward he boldly leads, where duty calls,
Proudly to feast in Montezuma's halls.

That city-queen, where pride and affluence dwell,
That once strong hold before the conqueror fell,
That weak republic's power in ruin lies,
"Beauty and booty" fall a sacrifice,
Lust and ambition rule the conquering host,
Foul, cruel deeds, the shameless soldiers boast.
The nation conquered ! how the chieftains crow,
Exulting o'er that feeble, fallen foe,
That poor, half starved, half heathen, puny race,
Our powerful nation crushed them in disgrace.
So the proud peacock plumes his tawdry wings,
His coarsest note in proud defiance sings,
Spreads his broad banner to the passing breeze,
Martials himself in lofty, graceful ease ;
Makes war at once against the feeble chick
Strayed from its mother, lonely, faint and sick ;
Invades his precincts with a scornful air,
Proudly disdaining to accept his prayer ;
Pushes the trembling culprit to the wall,
Then proudly raises his triumphant squall.
But let the patriarch dunghill of the flock,
Fearless and earnest, face the brave peacock,
Resolved, from such a foe he 'll never fly,
And look him calm, but sternly, in the eye ;
He 'll soon perceive his lofty courage fail,
Lower his crest, and furl his gaudy tail,
Then seat himself in dignity of state,
Sagely concluding to negotiate.

SECTION XIX.

Seizure of California and New Mexico; Election of Gen. Taylor;
Difficulties in Congress; Death of Taylor; Further troubles in
Congress; Final passage of the Fugitive Slave bill.

THE nation conquered; now to pay the cost,
And recompense for lives in battle lost,
Her richest provinces; her golden lands
Must be "forked over" to the conqueror's hands.
The "Eldorado" ready to unfold,
Her richest mines of silver and of gold,
Seized by the States, and deemed a lawful prize;
Thousands on thousands rushed to feast their eyes
And glut their avarice, with the precious stuff,
Yet never one could e'er obtain enough;
Though toilsome days add richly to his store,
Yet ever, and anon, he sighs for more.
The Yankee enterprize now "goes ahead,"
Filling slaveholders all with fear and dread,
Lest they should miss the object of their pains,
And fail to curse that land with slavery's chains.
A young republic quickly springs to life,
With vital principles of freedom rife,
Propose their measures, then with patience wait,
To be admitted as a sister State.
Meanwhile, discussions through the land were warm,
For now commenced the Presidential storm;
Party 'gainst party, in array appears,
As is the custom in quaternion years.
That party who opposed the "wicked war,"
And vengeance on its advocates prayed for,
Their "holy horror" of the war to prove,
And teach the nation how upright they move,
Took up the greatest hero of the fight,
Huzzar'd for "Rough and Ready" with their might;
Caught many votes with such a tempting bait,
And proudly placed him in the chair of state.

The nation's council saw a fearful sight,
Slavery's proud champions rising in their might,
Loudly proclaiming in the fierce debate
To crush out freedom from the proffered State.
Fearless, a few choice spirits of the north,
Candid and cool, amid the strife stood forth,
With anxious zeal upheld the righteous plan,
And battled nobly for the rights of man ;
Contending, when the people lead the way,
Congress is bound the mandate to obey,
The Constitution of their State confirm,
Guard and protect them from impending harm ;
Grant them the freedom that their hearts desire,
And to their infant State new life inspire.
Thus argued freedom's manly sons for right,
While slavery's champions, hot for any fight,
Declared the union of the States should cease,
That slavery's minions ne'er would hold their peace,
Unless allowed, unchecked, and unrestrained,
To carry slaves to California, chained
As if at home, on Carolina's plains,
Or Georgia's swamps, where vicious luxury reigns.
Anxious the master spirits saw the strife,
Freedom and slavery, struggling each for life,
Apply themselves to the unholy task,
To frame such schemes as slavery might ask.
In secret conclave these great minds unite
To heal the breach, and set the matter right,
Concoct an " omnibus " or set of bills,
To compromise, and calm the boding ills ;
Their plan matured, deep laid, and broad, and high,
Must be submitted, to the ruler's eye
For his opinion, ere 't is public made,
Or on the table of the council laid.
The burden of the new-born compromise,
Framed by those patriotic statesmen, just and wise,
Admits the sovereign people's just decree,
The proffered State must be admitted free,

To counterbalance this admission mild,
For fear a slave would now and then run wild,
That every man may keep his slaves at home,
The whole domain must hunting-ground become,
And every man, throughout the union broad,
Must fear and tremble at proud slavery's nod,
Renounce his manhood and become a beast,
Nor give his panting brother food nor rest,
Nor heed how sad the fugitive complains,
But give him back to slavery's galling chains.
The stern old chief, with quick, discerning eyes,
Beheld the mischief which would soon arise,
Should that become a statute of the land,
So 'gainst the scheme he takes a fearless stand.
Says he : " I 'll not submit to such disgrace,
Against it, as a flint, I 'll set my face,
Nor suffer monsters with unholy hands
To hunt their slaves on freedom's hallowed lands ; "
Thus " Rough and Ready " as on southern plains,
A brilliant victory o'er the bantling gains.
The master spirits seeing 't was in vain,
To try the chieftain's influence to gain,
Slunk to the back ground ; never to despair,
Resolved to bring some vile intrigue to bear.
And while engaged in that unrighteous cause,
To frame some plan to force their wicked laws,
And grant the Congress trouble, some relief,
Prostrate, with sickness, fell the gallant chief.
He, who 'midst carnage fearlessly could stand,
And feared not death from any foeman's hand ;
When the stern monarch came with fearful stride,
(Though weeping friends attend on every side,
Physicians, statesmen, throng the mansion halls,)
Beneath his stroke the conquering hero falls ;
His martial powers, his civil deeds laid low,
The nation keenly felt the direful blow.
The master spirits feigned abundant grief,
Nor mourned sincere the exit of the chief ;

Though from respect, they for awhile keep dark,
They're sure at last, they will not miss their mark.
That northern doughfaced, feeble, puling thing,
Who rode to power and place, on Taylor's wing,
Now called the Presidential chair to fill,
'T is quickly done to mould him to their will.
So straight ahead they pushed their project on,
Nor heed the counsels of the chieftain gone,
Doating on his successor as their prey,
Knowing he'll not have strength to disobey.
Doughfaces, with slave tyrants, all unite,
Degrade themselves in honest manhood's sight,
And like the traitor of notorious name,
Despised by those who urge them on to shame,
Crouching and fawning lick the slavepower's hand,
And wait the bidding of that dastard band ;
The table crumbs are dropped, a share to each,
The loaves and fishes lie above their reach.
Thus the poor quadruped of low degree,
Sits crouching humbly at his master's knee,
Whines piteous for the anticipated crust,
And licks the hand of him who whips him worst.
So the base tyrants drive their measures through,
Assisted by the whining, doughfaced crew,
While northern freemen, nerved with manhood warm,
Battle for right, and nobly breast the storm.
'T is all in vain ; degraded manhood rules ;
The slave-proud tyrants with their doughfaced tools
Would fain (could they sufficient strength command,)
Crush the last spark of freedom from the land.
So in an evil, and disgraceful hour,
They pass the bill, extending slavery's power
O'er all the land. O'er freedom's blooming plain ,
Exultant slavery now triumphant reigns.
Freedom to Fillmore turned an anxious eye,
In hopes that he, the veto might apply ;
Vain hope ; that slave to slavery's haughty will,
Dared not do aught, but sign the horrid bill,

The vilest bill a nation ever saw,
In bold defiance of God's higher law.
Insulted freedom now indignant grew,
And hurled defiance at the traitorous crew,
Declared, obedience to that horrid plan
A heinous sin, against both God and man ;
Urged her true friends to do the manly deed,
Not to resist, nor to the law give heed.
Should panting fugitive, with hunger prest,
Call at your doors, and beg for food and rest,
The voice of kind humanity obey,
Protect and feed, and help them on their way.
Adopt this course, and wear no tyrant's chain,
Teach the proud lordlings that their law is vain,
Let manhood rule the people of the north,
Show to the world your own superior worth,
Renounce doughfaces, all so treacherous grown,
Send men to Congress with a true backbone,
Be not by demagogues deceived again ;
All but doughfaces loudly shout amen.

SECTION XX.

Escape of Simms from Slavery ; his capture and rendition, and
escape of other slaves.

In fearful pilgrimage, by night and day,
Far to the north a slave had found his way,
With many a weary step, and many a groan,
Toiled on his journey, silent and alone ;
Full many dangers, many fears survived,
At Yankeedom's proud capitol arrived,
There sought to rest him from his fearful toils,
And be secure from slavery's jarring broils.

Upright and peaceful, ever was he seen,
Industrious, honest, and of frugal mien,
Gained many friends, who proved both kind and true,
Of his own color, and of lighter hue.
Conscious of manhood, fearless now he stands,
Reaping himself the labor of his hands,
Nor dreads at night th' appliance of the lash,
But for his negligence is minus cash.
So to his task he manfully applies,
Himself with worldly comforts well supplies,
In cheerful company he freely blends,
And lives serenely with his faithful friends.
The biped slavehounds, prowling for their prey,
Scent out his track, and northward speed their way ;
Nor rest until the fugitive is found,
Their hell-born passions know no righteous bound.
Ruthless they pounce upon the trembling slave,
Swearing that now no mortal power shall save
Their victim, from indignant slavery's chain,
That abolition tricks are all in vain.
Then roused the fiery spirit of the north,
Her righteous indignation thundered forth,
That her fair city, liberty's birth-place,
Should be the scene of such a foul disgrace.
Thousands on thousands to the rescue fly,
Many resolved to conquer or to die.
Freedom indignant, wept with sighs and groans,
Old Faneuil's voice was heard in thunder tones,
Loudly proclaiming liberty to slaves,
Shame and confusion on pursuing knaves.
Firm and unyielding stood the massive throng,
Swearing that freedom should be guarded strong,
That no slave should be carried thence in chains,
But slavehounds might "get out" with all their pains.
In dire dismay the sneaking slavehounds quailed,
At that bold scene their blustering courage failed ;
Fearful they hesitate what course to take,
Their honor, pride, and glory, all at stake.

Yet one move more their hellish point to gain,
They send a message by the lightning train
On to head quarters, where the chiefs reside,
To learn what scheme the ruler will provide.
The ruler, listening to the tale of woe,
Felt that his glory now was running low ;
In deep despondency, and fear 't was said,
Wept like a child and hung his guilty head.
He who was born on freedom's holy land,
But 'gainst her cause had pledged both heart and hand,
No wonder that he weeps when freedom pleads,
His conscience smites him for his evil deeds.
The slave power bullying o'er his childish grief,
Plied him at once with language plain and brief,
Resign, unless you can at once, decide
To rule the land, and humble Boston's pride ;
Unless you choose this upright course to take,
Let one step in, whose word quick work will make.
The ruler, trembling at the slave power's nod,
Dreading their wrath above the law of God,
For fear they would deprive him of his post,
Issued an order to his martial host,
To move to Boston, fearless, bold and brave,
To crush out freedom and secure the slave.
Forth marched the squadron from their martial stand,
Prepared to deal destruction o'er the land,
In military pomp, in proud array,
Leagued with the slavehounds, gloating o'er their prey ;
Through the proud streets of Boston on they move,
Their strict obedience to their orders prove,
With guards and chains surround the justice halls,
While foul injustice stalks within the walls.
Upon this scene each patriot eye was turned,
With indignation every bosom burned,
Vengeance hung trembling in each powerful arm,
Each one stood nerved to breast a fearful storm.
Death and destruction to the dastard crew,
From eye to eye the thrilling signal flew,

The parted lips ne'er spoke the fearful word,
Scarcely a breath throughout the crowd was heard.
Revenge was nerved, e'en to the bursting point,
Each felt the thrill throughout his every joint,
And so intense had the excitement grown,
That had a daring, random shot been thrown,
Horror and bloodshed, strife and dire affray,
Had been at once the order of the day.
But cool reflection soon came o'er the crowd,
And reason's voice a hearing was allowed ;
Now if the ruler, with both sword and purse
Has turned slavehound, on him will fall the curse ;
On catching slaves, if he is so intent,
And deems the time, and treasures, wisely spent,
Cease all resistance ; let him have the praise,
And follow hunting " niggers " all his days ;
If that 's congenial to his righteous will,
We 'll clear the track, and let him have his fill.
So when the solemn mockery was o'er,
Nor judge, nor marshal, dared approach the door,
The crowd assembled instantly gave way,
To see the slavehounds growling o'er their prey ;
Off in proud triumph they their captive bore,
While groans and hisses greet them to the shore.
But other slaves escaped from slavery's hand,
Who found their way to Yankeedom's fair land
Were more successful ; better fortunes found,
Mounted the cars whose track runs underground ;
Northward they speed their way, 'twixt hope and fear,
And leave the slavehounds growling in the rear.
On, and still onward, rolls the thundering car,
Each anxious eye fixed on the friendly star,
Until at length the promised land they gain,
Safe and secure, henceforth from slavery's chain ;
Fled the republic, freedom's boasted land,
Fled from the clutches of the slave power's hand,
Sweet peace to seek on proud Britannia's plains,
Where slaves breathe free, nor rank oppression reigns.

The very land each slave desires to seek ;
The biped slavchounds hang their heads, and sneak
Back to their kennels, there to whine and growl,
Till some fresh track shall lead them on a prowl.
This is the boasted land of freedom ; where
Three million slaves are held in dark despair,
In utter helplessness, in bondage vile ;
The world looks on with cold, contemptuous smile,
And to the declaration points with scorn,
Which says, all men are free and equal born.
'T is thus our proud republic lifts her head,
Pride of the people (but the negro's dread,)
Boasting herself of high, superior worth,
A model for the nations of the earth.

SECTION XXI.

Presidential campaign and election of Pierce.

THE ruler's term was drawing to a close,
Amongst the people loud discussions rose
Who next should occupy the chair of state,
Was now the subject of each warm debate.
Aspiring candidates were not a few,
Each to the scale his weighty influence threw,
Each had his fears, but each his hopes raised high,
As time for the great caucuses drew nigh.
But disappointment seized each candidate,
Who longed to sit in the great chair of state ;
The slavery power proclaimed the stern decrees,
That other men should be the nominees.
Warrior the Great must lead the whig phalanx,
The great whig statesmen gave but feeble thanks ;

Statesmen are powerless, and must stand aside,
None but a warrior into power can ride,
None but our man available can be,
No one can poll so large a vote as he.
Warrior the little leads the loco host,
(He who in plenty little deeds can boast,)
The loco statesmen hang their heads for shame,
And scarcely own they ever heard his name,
Save on the battle fields of Mexico,
Where balls flew hot, and brave men faced the foe ;
Warrior the little, scarce with heart to speak
Fell from his charger, heart-sick, faint and weak.
Fearful the fall ; himself devoid of fear,
His comrades bore him quickly to the rear.
The parties marshalled for the coming day,
Each leader, up and drest, for the affray ;
Each party on the foreign suffrage doat,
Loco had offered highest for the vote,
So Dutch and Irish in the ranks were seen,
All cheek by jowl with Yankees blue and green,
A motley group ; of all mankind the scum,
Nerved up with whiskey, and with wretched rum.
All battled nobly for the glorious cause,
The welkin rung with loud and wild hurrahs ;
Such scenes were played, and Democratic named,
That honest Democrats looked on ashamed ;
Felt the disgrace of such a vile display,
Threw in their votes and calmly walked away.
Great the excitement in the trying hour,
Warrior the little mounted into power ;
Warrior the great with whiggery went down,
Which put a damper on his high renown.
Loud rose the shoutings through the loco clan,
High were the plaudits lauded on their man ;
Slaveholders, smiling, nodded their assent,
Doughfaces, locos, all were well content
And greet their idol oft, in boisterous crowds,
While Fillmore's star went down in murky clouds.

SECTION XXII.

Pierce's inauguration; his league with the Slave power; his ancestry.

LURID and dim arises Pierce's star,
Dim as his glory in the southern war,
Feebly and faint he mounts th' inaugural stand,
And to the slave power gives both heart and hand.
His honor pledged, to bring their plans about,
That abolition schemes should be crushed out,
Slavery should not be touched in vile debates,
But agitation cease throughout the States;
Peace and kind harmony with all prevail,
The freesoil schemes and visions all must fail;
The north for freedom leagued must be put down,
Freedom "crushed out" from country and from town,
Each tongue keep silent; with supreme control
The slavery power rule rampant, o'er the whole.
Thus the weak ruler in an evil hour,
Sold soul and body to the slavery power,
Their vilest, meanest drudgery to perform,
And while they greet him with professions warm,
Their inmost souls despise his very name,
And point the finger, both of scorn and shame;
Denounce him as a northern, weak doughface,
Who can so tamely stoop to such disgrace.
This is the way slaveholders work their card,
Their plan arranged, their business well prepared,
The work too dirty for themselves to do,
Some doughface tool they choose to put it through;
Urge and persuade him to stretch every nerve
To do their bidding, and his country serve,
Please him with prospects of the high reward
Of their affection, and sincere regard;
Make him believe true gratitude they feel,
And will reward him for his anxious zeal;

Laugh in their sleeve, to see how he succeeds,
They then despise him for his evil deeds.
The ruler seated, and his plans laid down,
Throughout the land extends his high renown,
His council, ready to obey his will,
Himself the slavepower's wishes to fulfil ;
Unheeds the counsels of his northern friends,
To vile oppression his whole influence lends,
Resolved to " crush out " freedom from the camp,
And be a tyrant of the vilest stamp.
Though born and reared on freedom's sternest land,
Where sterling patriots, a noble band
Spurn rank oppression, yield to no disgrace ;
His patriot sire, the noblest of the race
In by-gone years, when sterling men were found
True to the core, in patriotism sound ;
Firm as the rocks upon their granite hills,
Pure as the fount which from the rocks distils,
Virtuous and free as the pure mountain air,
No slaves e'er cringe, no tyrant triumphs there.
There stood the sire, in his prime manhood great,
Ruling with dignity his native State ;
All felt the influence of his powerful mind,
And all were grieved when he his post resigned.
The recreant, wayward son, devoid of shame,
Brings foul disgrace upon the honored name,
His feelings void, his sense of shame asleep,
His conscience drowned in vile potations deep.
O could that sainted sire's pure soul descend,
And once again with earthly interests blend,
How would he grieve to see the foul disgrace,
Brought by his son upon his honored race.
This in the shade the ancient proverb throws,
That every generation wiser grows ;
Reversed, for once, is that long cherished rule,
A patriot sire, the son a slavery tool.

SECTION XXIII.

Doings of the first Congress under Pierce's administration ; passage of the Kansas Nebraska bill.

THE nation's council now convened again,
A few doughfaces changed for sterner men,
Men of "backbone" who fear no slavery power,
Nor shrink from duty in the trying hour ;
United with those noble souls, who bore
The shield of freedom, when assailed before ;
Presenting fearless and unbroken ranks,
A noble Spartan band ; a firm phalanx ;
Men, with true hearts of oak, and nerves of steel,
Whose mental strength the slavery power must feel.
The time arrives ; men's souls are to be tried,
The grasping slave power, yet unsatisfied,
Stretches her arms, and shakes her clanking chains,
O'er a vast stretch of freedom's hallowed plains.
The Spartan phalanx, ready for the blow,
Rush to the breach and boldly face the foe,
Manly and fearless for the right they stand,
From slavery's chains to shield that happy land ;
From sacrilege, protect the "compromise"
Once framed by statesmen, honest, just and wise.
Powerful they plead in injured freedom's cause,
Boldly denounce unjust and wicked laws,
Fear not, in thrilling accents to proclaim,
Of such injustice, both the guilt and shame.
Their eloquence, proclaimed in thunder tones,
Caused the slaveholders many piteous moans,
Made the weak ruler tremble in his seat,
Shake like an aspen leaf, from head to feet ;
While two choice souls, from slavery's wretched land,
Joined for this once with freedom, heart and hand ;
Honest, they with prophetic vision, saw
The baneful influence of so vile a law,

Hearkened to justice, with true honor bright,
And gave their voice, and influence, for the right.
The slave power quailed, and sneaking hung her head,
Met freedom's noble sons, with shame and dread ;
Throughout the nation freedom's friends arose,
Thousands on thousands the vile scheme oppose,
Call on their brethren, freedom's every friend
To show his colors, and his influence lend
To check the avarice of that grasping race,
And free the land from such a foul disgrace.
Freedom's true sons all felt the thrilling shock,
Men of all parties to the gatherings flock,
Each patriot spoke with eloquence and force,
All passed resolves condemning slavery's course ;
All sent petitions to the Congress Hall,
That that vile scheme might soon to nothing fall ;
Strong were the prayers that freedom might prevail,
And that bold scheme of slavery's minions fail.
The midnight cabal of the slave power's friends,
Faint hopes of comfort to the ruler sends,
Vile traitors there are watching every move,
Waiting a chance their loyalty to prove ;
Traitors to freedom, fresh from freedom's States,
Who dared not yet take part in the debates,
But waited for a tempting bait, to stand
Shoulder to shoulder in the slave power's band.
Quick as a thought the ruler caught their cue,
Resolved to use his power to put it through,
Proffered rewards such as should prove a snare,
And chain the traitors fast to slavery's car.
The traitor doughfaced Senators, well bound,
Chained, sworn, and pledged, to firmly stand their ground,
To their constituents to give no heed,
But for the slave power vote, as well as plead,
The little, bullying giant of the west
Leads off his clan, drinks, and retires to rest.
The Senate, now prepared for deep disgrace,
To t' other house the ruler turns his face,

Finds traitors there, prepared for darkest deeds ;
Well pleased, he sees how well the scheme succeed
Men with the true backbone of freedom there,
Drive the doughfaces back to dark despair,
Tell them the attitude in which they stand,
What shame awaits them in their native land,
Their days are short, if they their trust abuse ;
The ruler pleads, and how can they refuse ?
Remonstrances against the wicked bill,
Came pouring in, from valley and from hill,
From every corner of each freeborn State,
Full prayers pour in, that slavery may abate.
Freedom's bold champions by night and day,
Stand at their posts and hold the foe at bay,
While slavery's champions, with malignant spite
Insult those men, who intercede for right.
E'en God's own ministers, (a pious race,)
Who meekly asked a hearing in the case,
In hopes their prayers might prove of some good use,
Received vile epithets, and foul abuse
From that vile Senator, of noted fame,
Who gained himself all but an honored name,
The leader of that bacchanalian band,
Who brought disgrace upon their native land.
Prayers and remonstrances are all in vain,
The leader, nerved with drink his point to gain,
The bill must pass ! the Senate can't adjourn
Until 'tis done ; the midnight fires may burn,
The morn awaken ; e'en the sun may rise
And the whole world our treacherous deeds despise,
The bill shall pass ! the drunken leader shouts,
His boon companions have removed his doubts.
The doughfaced traitors, now for brandy call,
And drunken scenes disgrace the Senate hall,
The Spartan phalanx, seeing all at stake,
Resolve, one vigorous effort more to make
In freedom's cause ; at midnight cease their toils,
O'erpowered by numbers, in their drunken broils.

The treacherous deed is done ! the bill is passed,
Disgrace and infamy will ever last,
Joined with the names of Senators, who dared
Treat their instructions all with disregard,
Insult with slanders vile their native State,
And utter foul untruths in cool debate.
Such traitors are by all true men abhorred,
And sure as fate, will meet their just reward,
Go down in darkness to their final place,
Their once bright star obscured in foul disgrace.
While those true men, who fought in freedom's cause,
Against the passage of such wicked laws,
Who, through the angry strife and hot debate,
Sustained the honor of their own loved State,
Hurled back the epithets of foul abuse,
By doughfaced demagogues brought into use,
Fearlessly met the traitors, face to face,
And pinned their falsehoods to the rightful place,
Showed up their authors in their own true light,
And held the naked traitors to the right ;
These are the men of true and noble worth,
Who rank above the proud ones of the earth.
High stand their names upon the roll of fame,
(Their deadliest foes yield honor to their name ;)
And there, they ever will, in honor stand,
The pride and glory of their native land,
While future generations yet unborn,
Point out the traitors' names with silent scorn.
The lower house, alive with anxious zeal ;
All throbbing hearts a wild excitement feel,
The friends of freedom firmly stand their ground,
Not of their numbers was a faint heart found,
Fearless and true they faced their dastard foes,
While through the hall tumultuous broils arose.
The traitor members fain would left the hall,
Fearing that vengeance might upon them fall,
Gladly would they conceal each shameful face,
Knowing they'd sold themselves to work disgrace.

The time arrives the bill is to be tried,
Freedom's true sons firm to her cause abide,
Slavery's proud minions rally all their band,
Though faint and trembling doughfaced traitors stand.
Crafty slaveholders, (to allay their fears,)
Whisper the ruler's comfort in their ears,
With brandy ply them, to cheer up their hearts,
Whose potent power unflinching nerve imparts.
Charged to the sticking point, they now can face
Dangers unnumbered, shrink from no disgrace,
But headlong rush where'er their leaders say,
Counsels unheeded, instructions disobey ;
Ready at once, in infamy and shame
To blast their own, or e'en their country's fame.
So slavery's minions, with the traitor crew,
Raised votes enough to force the measure through,
And passed the infamous bill, with mad applause,
With bacchanalian shouts and wild huzzahs.
The greedy ruler, gasping for the prize,
Seized on the document with eager eyes,
Hurried, with wild impatience, to his task,
Nor stopped to hear what questions friends might ask,
In breathless haste, to do his master's will,
Signs his approval to the hellborn bill.

SECTION XXIV.

Reflections.

THUS is the country, with her Congress too,
Ruled by slaveholders and their doughfaced crew ;
Freedom dishonored by the men, who claim
The honor of the democratic name ;

Men who will loudly plead for equal rights,
And claim that each in liberty delights,
Proclaim their clique, democracy the true,
Hold fair (but false) pretences, up to view ;
But when they 've power, bid freedom's voice to hush,
Then O democracy ! where is thy blush ?
Thou who once dwelt on freedom's holy land,
And taught her statesmen (then a noble band)
To raise their country to an envied fame,
And crown her with the democratic name ;
Slavery's encroachments firmly to resist,
Confine that plague to where it did exist,
In hopes that men would see the fearful wrong,
Repent and set the matter right ere long,
That reason the ascendancy would gain,
And free their country from so foul a stain.
But O Democracy ! where art thou now ?
Hast glory fallen from thy manly brow ?
Dost thou consent to wear a tarnished name,
And sink thine honor deep in slavery's shame ?
No ; treacherous demagogues conceived the plan,
To wear the name and lead the ignorant clan,
And by deceit and craft to gain the power ;
Their plan succeeded in an evil hour.
But true democracy for freedom pleads,
Condemns and spurns foul slavery's evil deeds,
Denounces tyrants with indignant scorn,
Declares all men are free and equal born ;
Each one entitled to his own just rights,
And to enjoy what e'er his soul delights.
Slaveocracy and traitorism now combined,
Rule o'er the land and manage to their mind,
Under the stolen democratic name,
Condemn themselves to ignominious fame.
Democracy stands back with looks aghast,
Scans well the future, present, and the past,
And through the darkness with prophetic eyes,
Beholds new scenes of glory to arise ;

For, from her mother mountains, she beholds
The glowing scene, a western view unfolds,
With anxious eye discerns the plains afar,
Where slavery deems to roll her blood-stained car.
To curse the land and bathe the soil in blood,
And there disown and blaspheme nature's God.
Silent awhile democracy now stands,
Mourns o'er the scene and prays with lifted hands,
Till comfort cheers and bears her spirits up,
And faith points upward to a ray of hope,
A feeble ray ; but with persuasive voice
Urges her friends to seize on wisdom's choice,
And push their settlements to those fair plains,
Where nature in her wildest luxury reigns.
Let freedom's sons inherit those fair lands,
And save them from the curse of slavery's hands,
Establish there democracy's true laws,
And dedicate new States to freedom's cause.

SECTION XXV.

Settlements and doings in Kansas.

IN rushed a host of manly flesh and blood,
Who firm at home in freedom's cause had stood,
The pride and glory of their native soil,
Now give themselves to noble, manly toil,
To gain their wives and children sweet repose,
And make the desert blossom as the rose,
In that deep wilderness their homes prepare,
And plant the democratic standard there.
Slavery alarmed at freedom's fearless stand,
Resolved to crush the spirit from the land ;

If domineering threats cannot prevail,
And swaggering, boasting arguments shall fail,
Let drunken broils disturb, both day and night,
And bully down their lawful public right,
The right of suffrage ; guaranteed to all,
Freeman, slaveholder, either great or small ;
Each free alike his honest vote to poll,
Subject to no one's but his own control.
This democratic doctrine must prevail,
Sooner or later all false schemes must fail,
It will not do to cross this righteous path,
'T will surely rouse true democratic wrath.
In this the slave power widely missed her mark,
Her villain plots are never kept so dark
But truth breaks in and fills her soul with dread,
And hurls the vengeance on her guilty head.
The traitor ruler in the chair of state,
Is not so wise nor so supremely great,
But his dark deeds may yet be brought to light,
Himself exposed to all the people's sight.
'T is not believed (the tale would be absurd)
That drunken rowdies of their own accord,
Their peaceful neighbor's sacred rights assailed,
And perpetrated crimes which there prevailed ;
Some higher power the treacherous work inspires,
Some hand behind the curtain pulls the wires.
Degraded man, when sunk beneath disgrace,
To do dark deeds will seek the highest place.
Time, and democracy, will yet unfold
Their dark designs ; the truth must soon be told,
Those free-born Democrats, (a noble race)
Will banish traitor tyrants from the place.
And build themselves a true, substantial home,
Where slavery's minions will not dare to come,
The drunken rowdies fain will keep away
And free democracy will bear full sway.

SECTION XXVI.

Election of the thirty-fourth Congress.

WARRIOR the little in the ruler's chair,
For fiery trials may himself prepare,
A host of sterling Democrats are round,
The truest in the nation to be found.
By demagogues the people blinded, long
Held to the democratic title strong,
At that vile deed—that compromise repeal,
They soon began to see, and hear, and feel;
And honest men, by numbers not a few
Spurned false democracy and joined the true.
So when election called them to the polls,
Ballots were cast for men with honest souls;
The doughfaced traitors met with sore defeats,
And sterling Democrats walked to the seats.
Even the little warrior's native State,
Who once esteemed him eminently great,
Learned to their grief how great was their mistake,
And from his treachery solemn warning take,
Fearing he'd plunge in deeper mischief still,
Elect true Democrats to thwart his will,
Men of true pluck, whose backbone will not fail,
Under their leader who is sound and Hale.
Change is adopted through the free-born States,
In sore dismay the trembling ruler waits,
But one cold comfort is not all in vain,
The Senate will his evil deeds sustain;
Yet that one comfort 's miserable stuff,
For there he knows that he 'll be handled rough.
A few choice spirits there, will fearless stand
True to the honor of their native land,
Expose the traitor ruler's guilt and shame,
And stamp the brand on his dishonored name;
Freedom's broad banner will be there unfurled,
The naked truth proclaimed before the world;

But yet, the greater number there, are still
Leagued with the ruler, bound to do his will ;
“ Majority ” in slavery’s chains yet bound,
But freedom there is firmly gaining ground ;
Each new election in fair freedom’s land,
Adds strength and courage to the patriot band.

SECTION XXVII.

First session of thirty-fourth Congress, and doings in Kansas.

CONGRESS assembled in the hall again,
Freedom’s true champions saw their duty plain,
To purge the government from guilt and shame,
To honor raise the nation’s tarnished name.
Manly and bold, they readily prepare
To place true manhood in the speaker’s chair ;
A long, long time their efforts all were foiled,
But true as steel to glory on they toiled.
Slavery astounded saw with sad surprise,
So firm a host of freedom’s sons arise,
And but for twaddlers, those who nowhere stand,
Freedom would triumph with a powerful hand.
Firm and unmoved stood freedom’s every son,
And saw at length the brilliant victory won,
Manhood triumphant gained the speaker’s seat,
The dastard slave power met a sore defeat.
Slavery, outnumbered in the lower hall
Resolved that freedom by the club should fall ;
But cowardly bullies never dare show fight
Where strength is equal, and their foes are right.
But when free man is wholly off his guard
Nor dreams of harm, nor for defence prepared,

The dastard bully then grows bold and brave,
And canes him down as though he was a slave.
A noble Senator, true freedom's son,
In argument a brilliant victory won,
Showed up the nation's shame and deep disgrace,
Brought by the slave power on the Saxon race;
In powerful eloquence the truth pressed home,
And showed the nation whence true peace might come.
Slavery alarmed at truth's sublime appeal,
Decides that freedom must her vengeance feel,
In shape of bludgeon on the freeman's head,
And thus strike freedom's sons with fear and dread.
Within their ranks a dastard scamp was found,
Who manhood dared not face on equal ground,
But where he could a sure advantage gain,
Could bravely wield his gutta percha cane.
Proudly he feels his indignation burn,
Cautious he waits the Senators adjourn,
Then sneaks in meanly to the Senate hall,
Backed by two rowdies who attend his call.
There sat the man in dignity refined,
His country's honor foremost on his mind,
Plans for redemption from foul slavery's stain,
Engage and exercise his fertile brain.
The cowardly ruffian with his dastard clan,
Saw the defenceless posture of the man,
And aimed at once a fearful, deadening blow,
Which laid the noble, fearless patriot low.
Unquenched his thirst, the demon strikes again,
The bleeding victim raised his hands in vain,
Involuntarily his hands arose,
His noble spirit soared aboved the blows,
And 'midst the sufferings of that fearful hour,
He bid defiance to the slavery power.
The cowardly wretch did oft his blows repeat,
Till helpless lay the victim at his feet,
The ruffian's friends looked on with raptured eye,
In hopes to see the fallen victim die;

Prostrate the noble form of manhood lay,—
Proudly the slave-power boasted the display :
Meanwhile on Kansas' fair and fertile plains
Foul, drunken slavery-ruffianism reigns ;
Murder and carnage, plunder, fire and knife
Are boldly waged against each freeman's life ;
And so outrageous had the ruffians grown,
That scarce a Free State man could hold his own.
False legislators, a vile bogus band,
Sought to crush out fair freedom from the land,
And to sustain their hellborn slavery cause,
Enact a code of most unheard of laws,
From which true manhood turns with deep disgust,
And which no honest man dares own are just.
The ruffians, bound those mandates to sustain,
Roam through the woods and prowl o'er every plain,
Fire and destruction wage 'gainst every place
Where'er a Free-State settler shows his face,
Murder and plunder with unsparing hand
Free men who dare remain within the land.
These are the schemes our government approves,
These are the schemes our traitor ruler loves ;
He sends his warriors to sustain the plan
To rid the place of every honest man,
To give the slave power the supreme control,
And let the drunken rowdies rule the whole ;
Freedom by martial force must be put down,
Slavery exalted to a high renown,
Arraigned for treason every man must be
Who dares assert his right to still be free.

SECTION XXVIII.

Appeal to freemen ; Encouragement to perseverance in the cause
of liberty ; Apostrophe to Freedom.

Freemen, how long must these things yet remain,
How long must bleeding manhood plead in vain ?
Are you remiss while freedom's foes stand firm
To rule another Presidential term ?
Rise, freemen, rise ! manhood your help demands,
Let manhood find protection at your hands ;
Rise in your strength ! revenge your country's wrongs,
Put Franklin Pierce where rightfully he belongs.
Rush to the ballot-box, your rights regain,
And let Buchanan private still remain.
He who disowns his name and cringing bows
To slavery's nod, and proffers there his vows,
He is the man held up for freemen's choice ;
Freemen, stand firm ! let freedom hear your voice
Loudly proclaiming, " liberty or death,"
And let your deeds speak louder than your breath ;
Exalt the man of true and honest fame,
Who will shed glory on our country's name,
Who foremost will on freedom's platform stand,
And raise to dignity our fallen land ;
Then will Democracy again prevail,
Oppressors, tyrants, all their schemes will fail,
While doughfaced demagogues will find their place
In dark oblivion, in deep disgrace.
A mighty spirit heaves the troubled earth,
And powerful truths are bursting into birth ;
Freemen must rise and their own rights maintain,
Or sink beneath degraded slavery's chain.
Freedom, enlightened by the voice of truth,
Stronger in manhood than in ardent youth,

In might and majesty must now arise,
Her rights assert and every fear despise ;
On doughfaced demagogues severely frown,
And each vile traitor now must be put down,
Men of true honor raised to posts of trust,
Who ne'er will act unrighteous or unjust.
Then will fair liberty triumphant rule,
No ruler then will be a slavery tool,
Secure will freedom dwell within her home,
Nor o'er her bounds will slavery dare to come ;
Though grumbling, be compelled to hold her peace,
Her thirst for more extensive power must cease,
Down will she settle in her own domains
And play the tyrant o'er those blood-stained plains
Where slaves no more their native land behold,
Where fiends torment, where demons thirst for gold,
Where avarice, cruelty and hellborn lust
Trample the virtuous faculties to dust,
Where all the vile iniquities have birth,
The foulest plague-spot on this wicked earth,
Freedom will rise, to bless her native land,
Virtue and harmony go hand in hand,
The happy tribes in brotherhood arrayed,
None to molest and none to make afraid.
As westward still the population rolls,
Peopling the land with true and honest souls,
On freedom's plains true manhood seeks a home,
Where vile oppression never more can come,
And where true manhood seeks for sweet repose,
The wilderness will blossom as the rose.
Freedom's fair daughters with her sons unite,
And crown their toils with sweet and pure delight,
Their virtuous presence cheers each toilsome day,
Calms the rude passions, drives dull cares away ;
To every pleasant, virtuous charm gives birth,
And makes each home a paradise on earth ;
And each arrayed in modesty sedate,
Gives strength and beauty to each rising State.

These are the fruits which will from freedom grow,
And time the stern reality will show,
Such are the blessings, neither small nor few,
When virtue triumphs and when men are true.
We hail thee, Freedom ! thou celestial dove !
Thy home on earth, thy mission from above ;
To slavery's land thy kindly influence lend,
And let thy blessing o'er mankind extend,
Thy banner o'er each nation be unfurled,
Thyself extended over all the world.

INDEX.



SECTION I.

- Condition of Western Africa and the Negro Tribes prior to
the commencement of the Slave Trade, 3

SECTION II.

- The commencement of Kidnapping and Slavetrading from the
Coast of Africa, together with Infernal Conferences on the
subject, 7

SECTION III.

- Reflections and further Infernal Conferences, 11

SECTION IV.

- The dark Ages of Europe—The discovery of America—A
brief sketch of the consequences, and the introduction of
Slavery into the Colonies, 15

SECTION V.

- The Nations of Europe engage in the Slave Trade, . . . 21

SECTION VI.

- Slavery introduced into New England, 23

SECTION VII.

- Yankces engage in the Slave Trade—Temptations to Strong
Drink and Adultery with Slaves, and fall of both Preachers
and People, 25

SECTION VIII.

- The American Revolution, 31

SECTION IX.

Doings of the National Convention that formed the Constitution,	34
---	----

SECTION X.

Doings of the Yankee Nation from 1788 to 1808, . . .	37
--	----

SECTION XI.

Doings of the Southern Chivalry from 1788 to 1808, . . .	40
--	----

SECTION XII.

Abolition of Slavery in England,	42
--	----

SECTION XIII.

The Insurrection in Hayti,	46
--------------------------------------	----

SECTION XIV.

Horrors of Slavery at the South, and indifference of the North, from 1808 to 1812,	55
--	----

SECTION XV.

The war of 1812,	58
----------------------------	----

SECTION XVI.

Movement of the Slavery power, the Missouri Compromise— The apathy and indifference of the North, with here and there a manly demonstration in favor of Freedom, . . .	60
--	----

SECTION XVII.

Division of the M. E. Church,	62
---	----

SECTION XVIII.

The Annexation of Texas and the Mexican War, . . .	63
--	----

SECTION XIX.

Seizure of California and New Mexico—Election of Gen. Taylor—Difficulties in Congress—Death of Taylor—Further troubles in Congress—Final passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill,	66
--	----

SECTION XX.

Escape of Simms from Slavery—His capture and rendition, and escape of other Slaves,	70
---	----

SECTION XXI.

Presidential Campaign and Election of Pierce, . . . 74

SECTION XXII.

Pierce's Inauguration—His league with the Slave power—
His Ancestry, 76

SECTION XXIII.

Doings of the first Congress under Pierce's Administration—
Passage of the Kansas Nebraska Bill, 78

SECTION XXIV.

Reflections, 82

SECTION XXV.

Settlements and doings in Kansas, 84

SECTION XXVI.

Election of the Thirty-fourth Congress, 86

SECTION XXVII.

First Session of Thirty-fourth Congress, and doings in Kansas, 87

SECTION XXVIII.

Appeal to Freemen—Encouragement to Perseverance in the
Cause of Liberty—Apostrophe to Freedom, . . . 90